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*granddaughter of
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and widow of the
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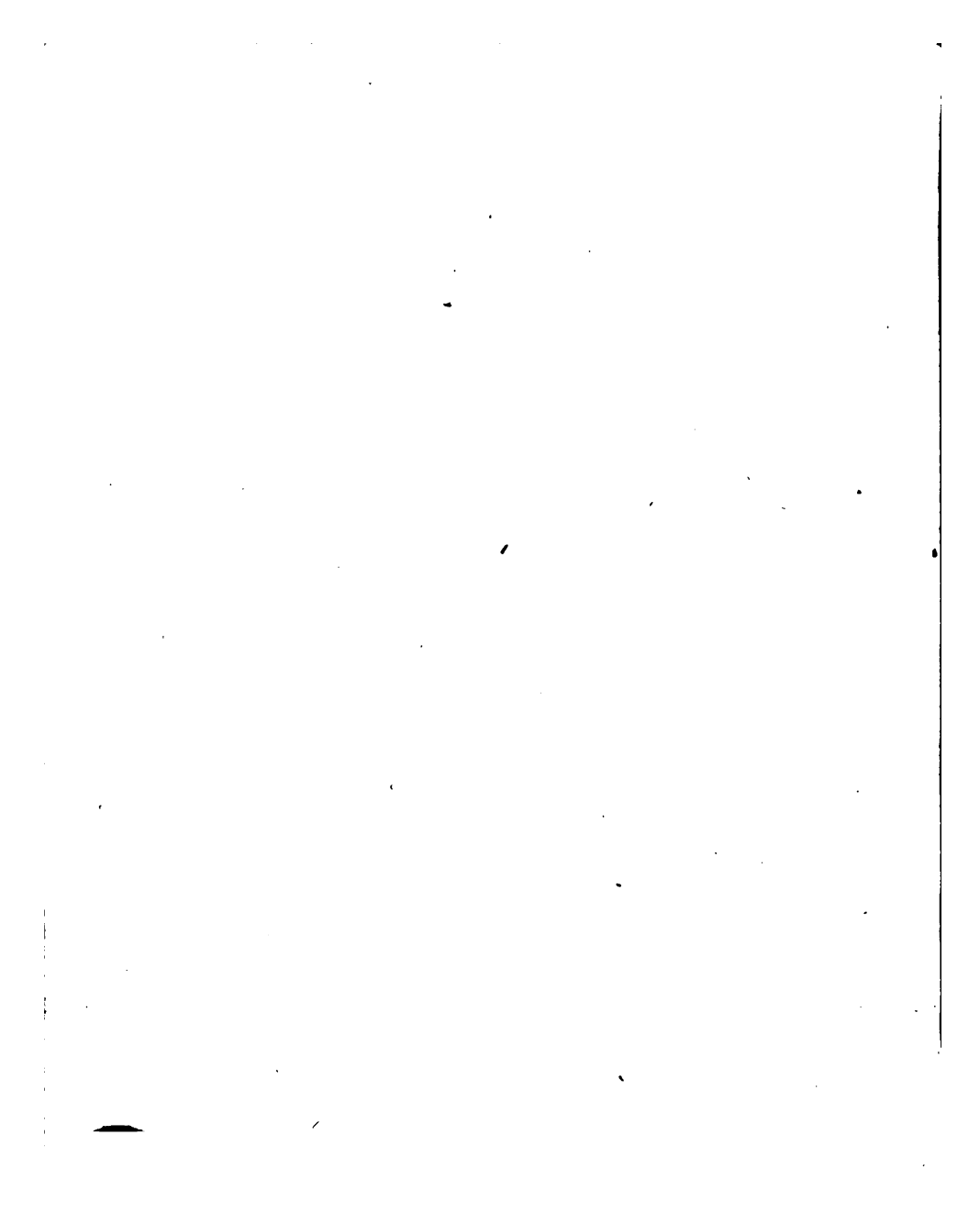
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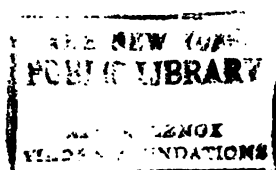


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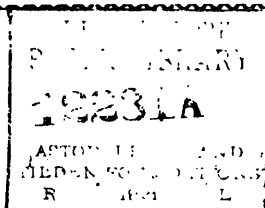
BY
SUSAN W. JEWETT.

In Eastern climes the mission of the flowers
Is sacred: love's interpreters they are.
Take, then, these children of the summer hours,
To grace the brow unmarked by time or care.

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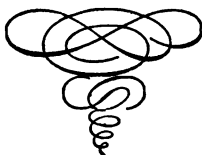
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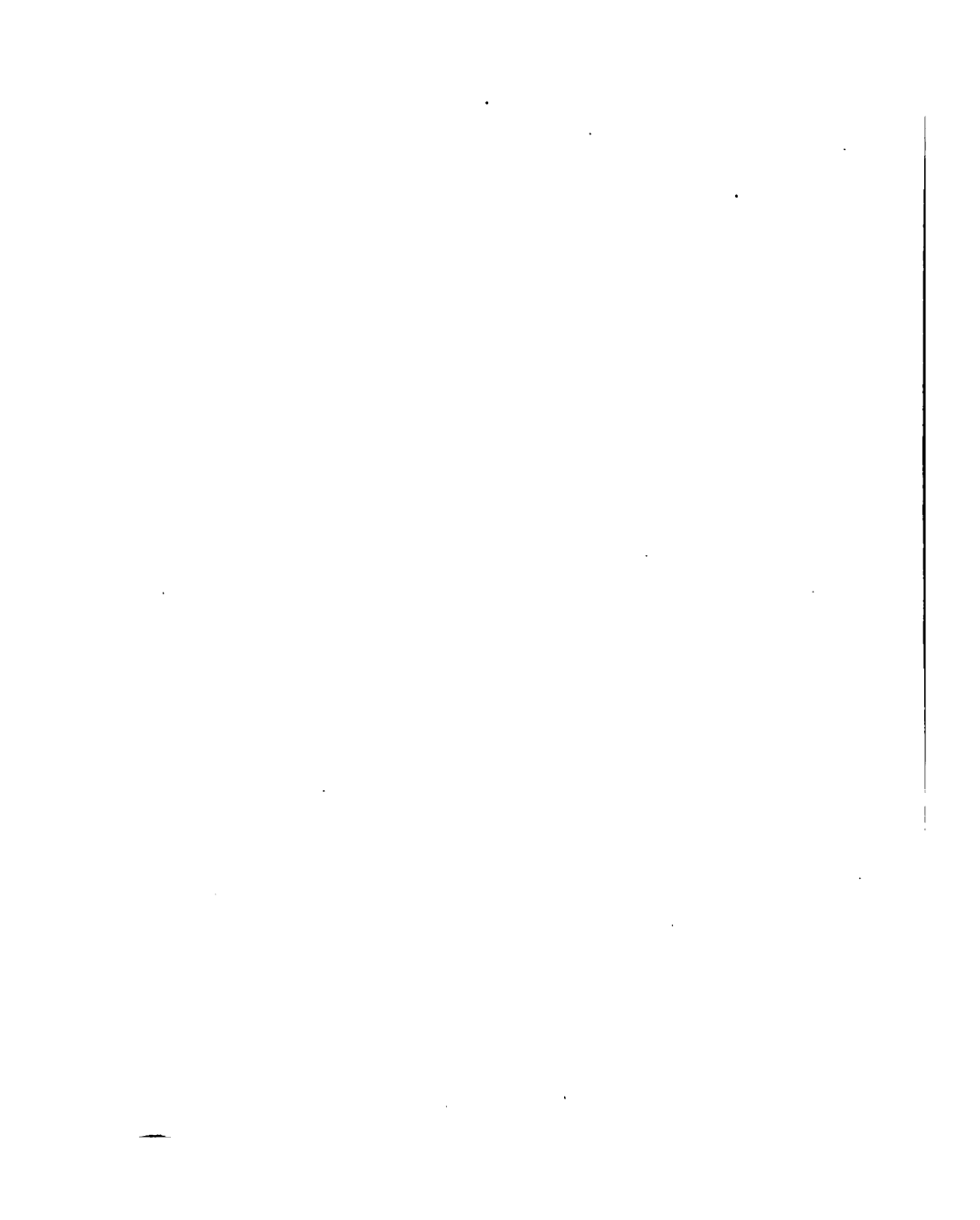


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THE
CHAPLET.

THE CHILD-ANGEL.



O H, I wish I had a pretty play-fellow! a sweet little brother or sister to run about with me all day, to help me take care of flowers, and to chase the butterflies with me, and at night to sleep with me. Oh! I wish I had somebody to love me. Fido, Fido, come here my dear, sweet, little Fido. So you love me; your eyes look as if you understood what I said: do you love me? Oh! you cannot speak to me—poor Fido? My rose, my pretty rose, do you love me? I give you water every night, I watch over you so carefully; I love you, but you cannot speak to me. Oh! I am lonesome; I wish I had a play-fellow."

It was little Madeline Grey who so longed for a companion, and when she did not think her mother heard her, she would

talk to her flower and to her dog and to her bird from the fullness of her heart, sighing for some one to love her. But when her mother was present, she checked the expression of her feelings, fearing to give her pain. The mother was sick and sad, for she had lost her husband and all her children but Madeline, and the young girl, growing up in solitude, was more thoughtful than young children generally are. She saw, although she could not understand, the nature of sorrow—that her mother was troubled; for often, when she looked in her face, there were tears in her eyes, and when at night her mother put her to bed, and heard her repeat her prayers, and stooped to kiss her, tears fell upon her cheek, and then she would put her soft, loving arms around her mother's neck, and, her little heart swelling with sympathy, seek by words of endearment and affection to soothe the griefs she could not understand.

But Mrs. Grey had not only griefs for the past, but anxiety for the future. She knew that she was dying, and although so many loved ones were in heaven awaiting her that she almost longed to go to them—yet this little fragile flower, still remaining, who would shelter and protect it and cherish it when she was gone? Her tears fell fast on the cheek of her little girl, as every night she knelt beside her bed and prayed that God would take care of her and send her kind friends to love and to guide her when she should be left an orphan.

Madeline did not know that her mother was sick and must soon die and leave her. She was accustomed to her mother's pale, thin cheek, and low weak voice. She did not know how she became paler, thinner and feebler all the time; for she was too young to feel any anxieties of this kind, and she was seldom in doors; liking better to run about the garden and the orchard all the long summer days, where she made companions of the flowers and the trees, than to stay in the house, or even to play with her dolls or read in her books; and Mrs. Grey loved to have her out in the open air, because she thought that if anything would make her rosy and healthy it was the sweet, pure breath of heaven; for she was as delicate as a snow-drop, or, rather, she might be compared to the little, fragile wind flower she loved so well—her soft cheek just tinged with pink and her whole figure so slight, so delicate, that it seemed the least rough usage must destroy her.

There was a little brook at the foot of the orchard, which glided along over smooth pebbles, until it was quite hidden in a neighboring wood. This little brook was a favorite resort of Madeline's. She used to sit on its grassy banks for hours, under the shade of some tall tree, and watch the sparkling waves hurry past her and long to be able to follow its course—on and on and on—to the deep dark wood, where the wind sighed always, and the birds made their home and sung sweetly

throughout the day. But she was almost afraid to venture alone at first, fearing that she might stray so far away as to lose herself and not be able to return. One beautiful afternoon, however, the temptation became so strong as to overcome her fears, and she climbed the fence that bounded the orchard, and following the course of the brook, she soon found herself in the wood, surrounded on all sides by tall trees. Her delight was very great. The birds were fluttering from tree to tree, and singing round her on all sides; the little fish were shining along the brook, and now and then, a squirrel ran up the trunk of a tree, and turned its little head down as if to ask her who she was and why she came there. She gathered her hands full of wild flowers as she went on singing in the happiness of her heart, and all at once she came to a turn in the brook where it had worn away the loose earth and formed a deep basin, shut in on all sides by trees, whose foliage was so dense that the sunlight could hardly stray through the leaves. This deep basin was clear and smooth as a mirror and reflected every leaf and twig that hung over it, and as Madeline bent to look in, she saw her own image as in a glass. Her own sweet smiling face, startled her at first, as if it had been some child from the deep water looking up at her. She knew it was her own image, for she had seen herself in the glass, but still it did not seem to her like herself, because she was not expecting to see anything

but the trees and flowers. "Oh! if it were but a little girl like me, that I might call her sister and play with her," she exclaimed. And as she looked she tried to fancy that it was another little child, and she called her sister, and smiled unconsciously; it seemed to her that the little girl smiled at her and almost she made herself believe that it was another than herself. When she went away she threw in her bunch of flowers, and, the troubled waters dispersing the image, she said her sister was gone, and she bade her good bye, promising to come again to-morrow.

She told her mother that night, that she had found a play-fellow—that she had found a pretty sister. "It is a child-angel, mother," said she, "and I must go and see it every day." Her mother kissed her, and seemed pleased that she was so happy, but cautioned her not to go too near the edge of the basin, for fear that the loose soil might give way and her little girl fall in.

Day after day Madeline went to the spot, and seemed indeed to believe at last, that it was a play-fellow, who always came to meet and to welcome her. She always carried flowers to give her when she went away, and always promised to come again; and, when she went home, she told her mother how happy she was now that she had found a play-fellow. One day after a shower, when the grass was wet and slippery, she went as usual

to see the child-angel, for by this name she called the image in the water, and tying as she went along a wreath of flowers, she said it was for a crown. And fit garland it was for angel brows—fresh and sparkling with rain drops, and fragrant as the flowers of Paradise, which are meet to glow with radiant hues when the pure spirits of little children in heaven draw near.

Madeline was very happy that day, happier, she thought, than she had ever been, and when she stooped over to say how-d'ye-do to her sister, she thought the face of the child looked happy, too. It reflected the smile and beauty of her own. She was so full of joy from the overflowings of her pure and affectionate heart, that she did not observe it was growing late, until she looked up and saw every thing shadowy and indistinct in the distance, which reminded her that it was time to go home. "Here, my sweet sister," said she, bending over to take one last look, "here is the garland I made for you of the loveliest flowers; wear it till I come and see you to-morrow." But, oh, sad! sad! the slippery earth, softened by the rain, deceived her, and, as she bended forward to throw in the wreath, it gave way under her, and the dark deep waters closed over little Madeline.

Her mother, who had been anxiously watching for her return, became alarmed; and, as it grew quite dark, she put on her hat and went in search of her; but she was met, half way, by a farmer returning home through the wood, who had seen the

little body floating on the water; and knowing who it was, took it tenderly in his arms, and was bearing his cold burden to the home now more desolate than ever. The mother met him, and even before he came close to her, she knew, she felt, what had happened. She did not weep, her heart was broken, and her life seemed ebbing away at every throb. The pale, pure Madeline was laid upon her own little bed that night; but silent, and cold, and pale; and her mother knelt beside her almost as cold and almost as pale. She was childless. The last of her beautiful flowers God had gathered and taken to himself. And while she knelt and prayed, she had a dream—a waking dream that filled her heart with peace. It seemed as if the air was filled with the music of joyous, happy children. She felt them near, and nearer to her than all the rest was the voice of little Madeline. It said to her, "Mother, I am not dead. I am living. I am happy. I am surrounded with beautiful, happy children—brothers and sisters. I am dwelling in beautiful gardens, amidst beautiful flowers. Angels are my teachers. They love me; they guide me. Come my mother, we are all here—all your children are waiting for you, come, come, come." Another voice seemed to say, "Come." And the mother lifted up her eyes and stretched her hands upward, and she smiled: "I am coming," she cried, "my children, I am coming. Father in heaven I come to Thee!" And she sank in the low bed be-

side her child, and her spirit, borne by angels, went to dwell with God in heaven.

Madeline and her mother were laid in the same grave. The prayer so often breathed by the anxious parent, that God would take care of her little girl, was answered by the kindest and best of Beings. He took her to himself, to grow up in heaven, blessed for ever.

THE CHILD-ANGEL.

"Come, come," said the bright angel,
In a whisper sweet and low,
"To yonder wood so lonely,
Together let us go."

And the child made haste to follow,
The guide she could not see,
"For," she said, "a sweet child-angel
Is whispering to me."

The summer sun shone brightly
Through the branches over head,
And myriad leaves upon the ground,
Their dancing shadows spread.

And still upon the cool, green earth,
The trembling rain-drops lay;
And fell in showers beneath her touch
From every leaf and spray.

And onward, onward, went the child,
Without a thought of fear;

For the voice of the child-angel
Still sounded in her ear.

And now the path is hidden
By branches bending low ;
And pausing there she listens
To hear the waters flow :

And from the opening blossoms
That smile beside her feet,
She twines, with ready fingers,
A wreath for angel meet.

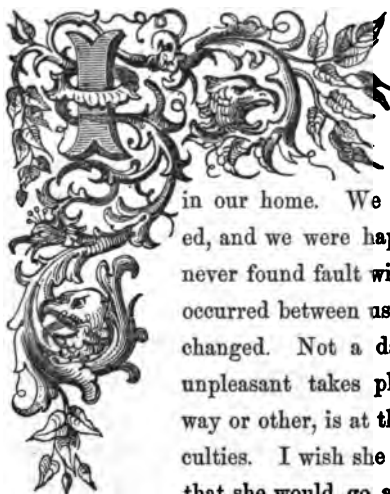
The deep and silent water,
Spread out before her, lies ;
And she sees the fair child-angel
Look fondly in her eyes.

"Good bye," she said, "sweet sister"—
Her arms extending wide,
As if to clasp the phantom,
She sank beneath the tide.

Weep not, thou childless mother,
Above that beauteous clay ;
For the voices of bright angels
Culled the pure soul away.

And when thy lips are pressing
That high and marble brow ;
List, for thy own child-angel
Is calling to thee now.

COUSIN BELLE.



I was a sad day for us, when cousin Belle came to live with us. Before she came, every thing was bright and pleasant in our home. We had every thing we wanted, and we were happy. Father and mother never found fault with us, and a quarrel never occurred between us. But now every thing is changed. Not a day passes but something unpleasant takes place—and Belle, in some way or other, is at the bottom of all our difficulties. I wish she had never come here, and that she would go away to-morrow and never come back again. What do you say, sister Mary?"

"I hardly know what to say, Grace," replied Mary. I cannot love Belle very much, although I like many things about her; and I have never had a quarrel with her myself—she is always kind and pleasant to me, but I confess our home is not so peaceful and happy as before she came, I dont know what to think."

"Well I know what to think," said Billy, who had been reading, and who now looked up very earnestly from his book, his eyes glowing with enthusiasm—"If you don't like Belle, it is because you cannot understand her. She is a noble, fine girl, and I admire her heartily—and I should be very sorry to have her go away. I hope she will always live here."

"Why Billy!" exclaimed Grace, "I should not have thought that of you. Perhaps you had rather your sisters would go away than your immaculate cousin Belle. Very well—you may have your wish: I, for one, shall not live at home if she lives here. I shall go and make my home at my aunts, you may have Belle all to yourself and admire her as much as you choose. It's quite a compliment to your own sister, I think, to prefer a stranger to her—one whom you have only known a few months—to the sister that you have grown up with! quite flattering to be sure."

"Tut, tut, my amiable sister, your ill-nature is running away with your reason. Who said I preferred Belle to my sisters? I am sure I did not—I said I liked her right well, and so I do. She is a noble girl. She has faults, I know as well as you do—but she has fine qualities, and if you do not see them it is because you won't, that's all. What say you, Mary—you are a thoughtful, reasonable girl; don't you like Belle?"

"Yes," replied Mary, "I like some things in her, but not all—"

not every thing—and it is very true, as grace says, we have not been so happy as before she came——”

“No, no!” exclaimed Grace, passionately, “and I wish she would go away. I wonder father and mother will give her a home here. I am sure we have the first claim upon them—being their own children. They are bound to provide for us, and to give us what we want. It was only yesterday that mother denied me three things that I asked her for, and I know as well as if she had told me, that it was because she had to provide for Belle and did not feel able to get handsome dresses for all of us. Now what right has Belle, a poor girl, to expect as handsome clothes as we wear—she never did have them and has no right to expect them now, and I say it is not just, that we, who have always had them, should be obliged to give them up because she has come into the family and must wear every thing that we wear, and go every where that we go—if there’s justice in that I should like to see it.”

Billy looked contemptuously at her but said nothing and soon left the room. Mary, who was a gentle, good girl, and who loved every body, sought to pacify her sister, but did not reprove her, although she felt she was in the wrong. Just then her mother made her appearance. There was an expression of severity on her usually mild countenance, which both the girls observed. She sat down in silence for a moment; Grace felt

guilty and was about to leave the room, but Mrs. Sullivan called her back:

"I have, without design, been a listener to your conversation, my children," said she, "and as this is not the first time that you, Grace, have expressed sentiments of a similar character—by your actions toward me and toward your cousin—and as your own heart, unless all my teaching has been entirely thrown away, can judge between the right and wrong, without the necessity of my explaining again the circumstances of your cousin's condition, and the claims she has upon us, I have resolved that you shall go to-morrow to your aunts, to remain there for one year—in which time I trust you will have learned that it is our own character and disposition that can make home happy or agreeable."

"Oh mother!" exclaimed Grace, "do not send me away—do not. I was not in earnest—that is, I did not mean *all* I said. I was angry—oh, mother do not."

"I hope you did not mean all you said, Grace; I hope your heart is not so bad as your words would indicate. But your actions, the last few weeks, in short ever since your cousin has been here, have expressed the same spirit as your words just now, and as it not only interferes with your own happiness but the happiness of all the family, and hers especially whom I am bound to protect, my resolution is taken—you must leave us to-morrow.

I regret it the more, as we are to be absent on an excursion in which I intended all my children should accompany us, but I feel that my decision is just. It is not in anger that I send you from me, Grace; it is in the hope of lasting advantage to you—my own enjoyment will be diminished by your absence. Your aunt is an invalid, and, like all invalids, often irritable and capricious. Your uncle is the noblest and the best of men. You who cannot enjoy the companionship of your brothers and sisters and cousin, ought to learn now, in your youth, how to adapt yourself to social life in the way best suited to promote and receive enjoyment. While you are learning this and unlearning many things in your own character which are adverse to such enjoyment, I have thought it expedient to place you beyond the reach of those influences which excite the evil in your disposition to the annoyance of others; and I trust you will learn in retirement how to appreciate the social delights of home—how to minister to the happiness of others—how to practice that forbearance which we all require from each other, and that charity which suffereth long and is kind—which ‘believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.’ My daughter, I am not angry with you, but I am grieved—I am ashamed—yet my mind is fixed. I trust you will live to reap the benefit of this temporary privation.”

“Oh mother, dear mother, if you could but try me; I am

sure I do feel ashamed of myself—I am sure I shall never be unkind to Belle any more.”

“I am not sure, Grace,” replied Mrs. Sullivan sadly; “the selfishness and jealousy which prompted your unkindness of word and action lie too deep to be uprooted by a single effort. No it must be the work of time and reflection. Strive, strive my child, to see yourself as you are—explore the inmost recesses of your spirit whence proceeds the unkindness—the wrong—the injustice you do to others, and far more to yourself, by cherishing such evils within. Since it is a trial and a disappointment to you to leave us, use it for good ends. I know you believe that I can have no other object in view than your best good. Come, then, my daughter, let me see you bear the discipline nobly—use it worthily—and may God help you to profit by it and by all the discipline of life.”

“Must I go mother—*must* I. Oh, if you did but know how truly sorry I am—how truly resolved to be less selfish?”

“Yes, mother,” said Mary imploringly, “she is sorry, I know she is; and she will not be unjust any more. And I am to blame, too, dear mother, although I did not express myself so warmly as Grace. I do not like Belle altogether. I do not always treat her well—I am not generous and thoughtful. Oh mother, if Grace must go away let me go with her.”

Mrs. Sullivan shook her head. Grace burst into a flood of

tears and left the room. As she was passing into the garden, Belle met her, and, seeing her in tears, asked her what was the matter. Grace's first impulse was to thrust her aside, but her better nature prevailed, and she replied, "Come with me into the garden, Belle, and I will tell you." As they passed on they saw Billy weeding Belle's flower-bed.

"Dear cousin Billy," exclaimed Belle, "how kind he is to me."

Ah, thought Grace, she is not ungrateful. I wish I had been kind to her. When they reached the summer house, Grace beckoned to her cousin to sit beside her on the bench. Belle did so, and took her hand tenderly—"I am sorry to see you cry so, cousin Grace," said she—"whenever I see any body sad and unhappy, it reminds me of my own sorrow, and the days and nights that I did nothing but weep and mourn after my poor mother, until you know I made myself sick, so sick that people thought I should die, and I thought so too, and hoped so, for I longed to go to my mother, but I am happier now. But tell me, Grace, what makes you cry, who ought to be so happy—who has done any thing to grieve you?"

"Belle," said Grace, "I am going from home—going for a year away from my father and mother and all—to live with a sick aunt—all alone, without any companions."

"Does she want you to come and take care of her," inquired Belle.

"No, Belle. I am sent away from home; mother sends me away to punish me for being unkind to you."

"Unkind to me!" exclaimed Belle, "what can you mean? You are not unkind to me. I will go to her and tell her so. Do you think I have been complaining of you? I never said you were unkind. I never thought so. I knew you did not love me. I did not wonder at it. I am not lovable; and besides that, I have been unhappy. O, Grace, tell me truly all that has happened; why does your mother send you away?"

"Because, Belle, I deserve it. I have not been kind to you, and if you have not thought so it is because you are better than I am. I have been selfish and ungenerous. I have been jealous of you, Belle. I see my fault now. I think I should strive to be better, if mother would let me remain at home; but she will not, she is firm, and I must leave my happy, happy home, my dear brothers and sisters and all, every thing that I love so dearly—oh it is hard:" and Grace burst into tears again.

"Grace," said Belle, "this must not be. I must not see you sent away from home. I will speak to your mother, and tell her you have not been unkind to me: you have not ment to be unkind I am sure, and if you cannot love me, dear cousin, as well as if I were your sister and had lived with you always, it is not your fault; let me go this minute to your mother:" and Belle arose to go.

"No, it will do no good, Belle," said Grace. "It will do no good. Mother was too much in earnest; and, besides, I deserve it, for I have not been as kind to you as I ought to have been. I must go away from home, but I hope I need not stay a year, a long year, away."

"A year, a whole year, Grace," exclaimed Belle; "that can never be. No, I will go away sooner than that you shall—it is your home, you have a right in it, but I have no right to force you out of it. Grace, I will go to your mother. Let me alone, cousin. I *must* go and beg your mother to let you stay with us. She will not refuse; so wipe your eyes, dear cousin, and we shall all be very happy."

It was in vain that Belle entreated for her cousin, and assured Mrs. Sullivan that Grace had not been intentionally unkind to her. Preparations were making for her departure the following day, and although one might see that it cost the mother many pangs to carry her resolution into effect, yet she showed no indication of yielding, for she felt that she was doing right; she had long observed with pain the increasing selfishness of her daughter, and particularly since her cousin came to live with them, she saw that if a check was not put to it at once, it would soon be too late—the foul weed would spread, and obstruct the growth of every fair flower in her daughter's heart. There is no fault of so rapid a growth as selfishness—none of which the

possessor is so unconcious, none which so surely blights the good seed sown in the heart, no such enemy to happiness in social life. The aunt to whom Grace was to be sent was a woman of naturally fine powers of mind, though now enfeebled by disease. She had been an invalid many years, and never having submitted to discipline in her early life, her selfishness had increased every year, and, rendered irritable by pain and long confinement, it was difficult to please her, and impossible to make her happy for any length of time. Yet she had good qualities; she was generous and kind hearted when she could be drawn out of herself enough to think of the claims of others, which it must be acknowledged was but seldom. She had often asked for one of her neices to live with her, as she had no children of her own, but they had never been with her except for an occasional visit of a few weeks, at a time, and *that* they generally enjoyed very much as their uncle was a delightful man, and, with a desire to see every one happy around him, particularly young people, had always been untiring in his efforts to amuse and interest them. Mrs. Sullivan knew that his influence would be a happy one upon her daughter, and that while she might learn to avoid faults of the one by seeing them in their true character, and suffering from their effects, she would learn to appreciate the beauty of the other, heightened as it was by contrast.

It was a sad evening, the last that Grace passed at home.

There was no merriment, no music, no smile in the little circle, but no one seemed to be more grieved than poor Belle, who would consider herself the cause of all the sorrow, and wished a thousand times she had been left to stay where she was, homeless and alone, rather than that Grace, on her account, should be banished from the home so dear to her. Billy sought to comfort them all, but his own heart was very heavy, for he loved Grace, and could not bear to see her unhappy. They all retired early to bed, but not to sleep. Poor children, their pillows were wet with tears, and their rest was broken by many sighs. The next morning was bright and clear. Grace rose very early, dressed herself and tapped at her mother's door; her mother bade her come in, and she entered, closing the door behind her. "My dear mother," said she, "I have left Mary and Belle asleep, I could not sleep myself to think that I must leave you all to-day, to be gone so very, very long. But I am not come to beg you not to send me. No mother I wish to go, I see that it is best for me to do so; I laid awake a long time last night thinking of all these things, thinking of my faults, and I see, mother, that I am indeed very selfish, very ungenerous, very ungrateful to you for all you have done for me. It seems to me that if I might be allowed to stay, I would try and correct my faults, but perhaps it would be much harder than I imagine, and I am willing to try the discipline you have chosen for me. And now,

mother, I do not mean to go away from you with a sad heart; I mean to remember all the time, it is for my good, it is to make me a finer character, one that every body can love, one that my heavenly Father will approve. Dear mother"—the poor girl threw her arms round her mother's neck and burst into tears. "Don't you believe I really wish to be loved, to be good, and to make every body happy?" The mother embraced her affectionately and the tears came to her eyes—"I do believe that you wish it my child," she replied, "and I believe that you will become everything the fondest parent could desire." Grace smiled through her tears: "then mother I will take courage," said she, "and be cheerful; perhaps I may not have to stay a whole year. I will not return to you till I have learned to deny myself. Do not look sad when I go away, dear mother; and whisper to my brothers and sister not to wear long faces, for it makes me the more unhappy. I am sorry that I was unkind to Belle; I love her now, I love everybody; I feel like being kind to every body; now kiss me and say you are not angry with me for the ill temper I showed yesterday, and I will be your own dear daughter."

Mrs. Sullivan pressed her daughter to her heart; she would have said, if she had followed the impulse of maternal love, "stay with us, stay with us, my beloved one;" but there was in her breast a higher impulse still, a higher duty which she owed

her child, and she did not utter the words which were in her heart. The coach left before dinner. The sisters took their last walk in their little garden, and Grace concealed her own sorrow to comfort poor Mary. Mr. Sullivan was to accompany his daughter. The carriage was heard coming up the street. One moment Grace hid her head on her mother's breast and the hot tears gushed from her eyes, but wiping them away and attempting to look cheerful, she bade them all once more good-bye and walked with a firm step to the carriage. Belle followed her weeping, and still reproaching herself bitterly: "May I take care of your garden for you until you come back again," asked she, as she wished her good-bye. Grace thanked her and said she should be very glad if she would, and a year from now, she added, smiling, it will look a beautiful welcome home to the exile. These last words were too much for her. The smile fled from her face, and leaning back in the carriage she again burst into tears, which her kind father was near to wipe away.

I know not whether it will be more interesting to my little readers to follow Grace in her new career and through the discipline of her new life, or to remain at home with Mary, Billy, and cousin Belle, awhile, and then accompany them on their tour. As all young people like amusement and variety, I should be glad if I could transport them on the magical piece of tapestry so celebrated in the oriental tales, which it was only necessa-

ry to stand upon, and wish, when lo! you were immediately to the place you desired to be in. Come then, my dear young friends, and fancy I spread this magic tapestry before you. Step upon it. Now we are at Niagara, do you hear the thunder of its mighty waters, do you see the magnificent woods, the overhanging trees that line the banks of that mad river, contrasting so strangely, yet so beautifully, with the restless heaving and boiling of the water? There are the rapids; follow them, cross this bridge, and now another, and now you are on the island. Walk softly, carefully, do you hear the deafening roar? Follow me children, come down this little path one at a time, and keep hold of my hand. O let us kneel together here. This is the temple of God. Seemeth it not to you as if you stood in the presence of the Eternal one? See those frail flowers that stoop to drink the clear water just on the verge of this terrible cataract. How fearless, how trustful, how lovingly they grow there. So should we be, even in the presence of God, if we would have that perfect love and trust which casteth out fear; for our Heavenly Father speaks to us in the still, small voice, in the breezy whisper on the hill, in the fragrance of the flowers, as well as in the thunder of the cataract, and the raging of the storm. But come, we cannot stay here long, we must cross this river and then we shall be in her majesty Queen Victoria's dominions. Do you fear to get into this little boat and be rowed

across so close to this great fall? There is no danger. See how smooth the surface is, but oh, think what boiling and fury there must be deep, deep below, from such an immense body of water as is precipitated over the rocks. With what force it must plunge downward; to what depth must the channel be worn from its continual falling, and this same green water, think what a distance it has traveled, yet, drop by drop the rivulets trickled down the mountains, mingling with each other until they formed a stronger current and a deeper channel and spread out at last into a vast sea which never is dry, and then from this forming an outlet and connecting with another like this, in like manner with another, until at last reaching this spot after a journey of thousands of miles, down they rush with a tumultuous noise, down—down—so deep it makes one shut their eyes to think of it; and from the depth rises a cloud of spray upon which, see, in the sunlight, the symbol of peace—Gods bow of promise—“bending so bright and so calm over the abyss that toils and rages below.” But step off the tapestry now, we cannot remain longer.

Poor Grace—would she not enjoy this—alas! her season of discipline has but just begun. Yet she has a letter every week from the travelers—always one from Belle, whose soul seems to have expanded with new life and happiness in these majestic scenes, and whose fine mind glows with such ardor, that it is a

relief to her to be able to express in words the emotions excited by the presence of these majestic objects of nature. I am sure Grace would like her cousin, now—Billy was right when he said she was a noble, fine girl. It would be difficult to analyze the feeling Grace had toward her. It had its origin in jealousy, and in selfishness—but there was, it must be confessed, a certain something about Belle that might be called unpleasing. She had a blunt way sometimes of speaking her mind, even before it was asked. She scorned everything like hypocrisy and deceit, and if she suspected it in another, she always took great pains to let them know she observed it, and exposed it if she could. Sometimes, too, she was mistaken; and in her zeal for the cause of truth, she sometimes saw error where none existed—and when she discovered wrong, she did not expose it as if she hated the wrong, so much as the wrong-doer. We are none of us required to wink at wrong or falsity—on the contrary, we are required to expose it whenever we detect it; but justice to our fellow-creatures demands that we should not be hasty in our judgment, and that when we condemn the evil in the character of those around us, we should do it with all gentleness, and with the spirit of love—not gentleness to the wrong, but to the frail nature, which is so prone to go astray, and in whose frailty we participate. But Belle was aware that she was at times harsh and uncharitable, and strove to cultivate a gentle

spirit—this, too, without sacrificing her love of truth and sincerity. Thus her influence became more salutary upon others. Gentleness and love will reform evils which severity and harshness serve only to confirm. There is that in the spirit of man that resists harshness and coldness, even when it acknowledges wrong—but love, like the heat of a summer sun, melts away all coldness from the heart, and calls forth freshness and verdure where once was barrenness and desolation.

But step once more upon the tapestry, and I will wish for you, my friends. Here we are on the steps of a fine, stately looking house, in a very pleasant country village. Ring the bell—a servant comes on tip-toe and shows us into a large inhospitable looking parlor. The blinds are all closed. Surely no one lives here. Let us go through the next room. Nobody there either. Here is a piazza, and a garden, but nobody in either. There can be no children here, or we should see some disorder in some part of the establishment; no broken dolls, or carts, or dog-eared books, or little bonnets hanging on pegs, that look like life—much less young life. Have you ever read of haunted houses. This house is haunted: is haunted by a fretful spirit, in a poor diseased body; but remember the poor diseased body, and be pitiful. Come up stairs softly—open this door—there lies the invalid propped up in bed, and there, close beside her, sits a pretty young girl. She has been reading

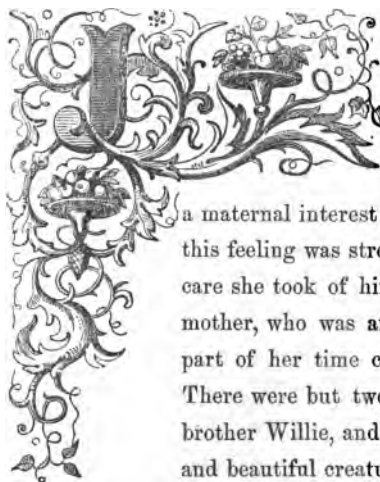
aloud to her, but she has stopped because the sick lady is too nervous to hear any more, and wishes to go to sleep. What is the young girl thinking about? I can guess. She has a picture in her mind, of a bright, pleasant, sunny home: where the flower scents steal in at the windows with the breath of the summer air; where the birds sing in the trees all day long, and where happy faces, and glad hearts welcome every day's return. Ah! Grace—but they are not so glad, or so joyous, as if you were with them.

Patiently and cheerfully, day after day, does Grace tend upon the poor invalid, never out of patience—never fretful—striving always to make the time pass pleasantly, by every gentle ministration to soothe the sufferings of her poor, and not uncomplaining aunt. She succeeds better than any one has ever done before, but it was not without great effort, and constant watchfulness over herself, and earnest prayers to her Heavenly Father for help, that she learned at length to adapt herself to the whims and caprices of the invalid. Yet Grace is happy, for she is at peace with herself. She is resolved to make this a “noble task time,” the fruits of which will remain throughout her life—a blessing to herself and to others. Nor is she without many sources of enjoyment from without. She hears often from her absent family—she writes to them often—she has the society of her delightful uncle some hours every day, and always

in the evening. She has books to read, a garden to tend, and many things to make her happy; but what makes her happiest after all, is the consciousness of being useful. Her aunt and uncle both say that they cannot do without her. God speed you on the path of duty, my dear Grace. The year will not be very long thus devoted to others, and then—home, mother, father, brother, sister, and last, not least, cousin Belle, will be ready and eager to welcome you. And now once more, let us make use of the fairy tapestry, to convey us to our respective homes. May we have learned something to make us wiser and happier from our brief journey together.



JESSIE'S DREAM.



JESSIE Ferguson had a little brother of whom she was very fond. She was enough older than he to feel something like a maternal interest and affection for him, and this feeling was strengthened by the constant care she took of him, in order to relieve her mother, who was an invalid, and the greater part of her time confined to the sick room. There were but two children, Jessie and her brother Willie, and the little boy was a lovely and beautiful creature, so good and so beautiful, that no one could help loving him. When he was born Jessie felt perfectly happy in the anticipation of having a companion, for she had longed for a brother or sister, whenever she felt lonely, and whenever she saw the children of a happy family, and contrasted their condition with her own. Great happiness it was to young Jessie to tend the baby, and very skillful,

and very motherly she was, for her love for the little helpless thing taught her how to suit her gentle ministry to its need—and it was beautiful to see the little fellow's look of delight whenever she approached. It was not long before he knew her, and reached out his tiny hands to come to her, whenever she opened the door. It was summer time when he first began to walk, and it seemed as if she would never tire of carrying him to the garden and along the shady paths in the yard, to practice his first lessons in locomotion. And when he began to try to walk, her delight knew no bounds. It was a pretty sight to see them together—to hear their musical voices—the sweet, kind, affectionate accents of the young girl, and the clear, ringing, bird-like carrol of the little boy. Three summers passed by, and the baby Willie had grown to be a charming little boy—able to run about where he chose, and to take care of himself, quite like a little man. His sister had taught him how to sing many pretty songs, and adapting herself now to his ripening intelligence, she endeavored to communicate her little fund of knowledge to his inquiring mind. She would read to him pleasant stories, suited to his years, and explain as well as she was able, what was beyond the reach of his unaided thought—and if it had been a beautiful sight to see them together before, it was more charming now. Inseparable by day and night, it made one almost sad to look at them for fear that some change

might disturb the beautiful serenity of their lives. But the fear which made older hearts sad, never for an instant clouded their pure bosoms, and when the change did come, which took little Willie from the sister who loved him so tenderly—although she tried to believe it was a happy change for him—her heart was filled with sorrow. It did seem a sad change. The dancing footstep no longer resounded through the house—the clear voice of the singing bird was silent. The summer morning came to the earth, unsealing the eyes of the flowers; but no summer sunshine awakened the pale sleeper, whose little bed was below the green grass in the churchyard. Then felt Jessie, as many children perhaps have felt, that death was a terrible thing—it seemed more terrible because life to her was beautiful, his life most beautiful, and so happy that she thought it would be no happier—even in heaven. And when she laid her head upon her pillow at night, thoughts of the lonely and desolate grave made her sad and unhappy. She thought it was strange that a kind, heavenly father should have given children life and friends, and everything bright and happy, and then should take them away from all—to go where no human friend could follow them, except by the same dark and dreaded path. These were gloomy thoughts for a heart so pure and good as Jessie's, for she had been pure and good from her earliest childhood, and, until her little brother died, she had always been happy. One

night as she lay upon her bed alone, thinking as she always thought of the lost one, whose little head once pressed the same pillow—longing as she could not help doing, to feel once more his soft loving arms around her neck, for the first time since he died she felt peaceful and happy, and her thoughts followed her angel-brother into the unseen world. Musing upon him and upon heaven, she passed into a quiet and peaceful sleep, and her thoughts, dim and shadowy for a while, as objects seem by twilight, became suddenly distinct, and she seemed to herself to be in the happy world which we call heaven. Myriads of beautiful forms surrounded her, smiling a welcome; and children, radiant with loveliness, twined for her garlands of flowers more exquisite than anything she had ever seen. These children were accompanied by angels, who seemed their teachers. The very spirit of love shone in their countenances, and the children had no fear of them, but seemed to drink in every word they said as flowers drink in the sunshine and dew, by which they are nourished to perfection. Toward one of these groups Jessie felt drawn, as if by invisible chains, and although the others looked beautiful to her, she felt that her place was with those children toward which her eyes were constantly turning. The wish to be among them seemed to convey her there, and when she was there, she felt that she was in Heaven: when she felt this, she thought of Willie, for she knew he must be there, and when

she thought of Willie, he was present before her. She knew it was he, although he had the beauty of an angel, surpassing the beauty of his earthly body, lovely as it was. He was now present to her soul—to her love—and it was the love in his soul for her, which made them both happy to be near each other, and their love of both for their Heavenly Father which made them happier than anything else. He too had his angelic teacher, who smiled a welcome to Jessie. "Oh that you were my teacher," exclaimed Jessie, "then should I always be good and happy." Then came to her ear like the notes of music, a voice which seemed to speak these words, "tremble not at death; it is the entrance to life. To the good it is the birth into the world of beauty, happiness and love—fear not to die—fear nothing but to sin. Weep not for the young and the pure and the good, whose Father hath called them home. Think not that they are in the grave. That which molders in the earth is nothing but the garment with which their spirit was clothed. The form is not perished that was beautiful to look upon—but it has become more beautiful, for it is molded by the growth of the spirit which cannot be sullied by sin, for sin cannot live in Heaven. Strive while you live in the world, to keep your heart pure and true—strive to forget yourself in love for others, thus will you, even in life, be joined to the spirits of the pure and good that are in Heaven, and thus can they be near you, to give

you joy and peace. Cherish all high and holy thoughts, as guests sent from Heaven to make you good, and to unite you to the good. More than all things else, desire to cultivate the spirit of love for all, which will lead you to seek the happiness of others more than your own. Seeking this you will find your own highest happiness. Such joy the angels can share with you. Would you feel that the brother you loved and lost is near you, let every thought and feeling of heart, be so pure and holy, that you need not fear to have it read by the pure and holy who dwell with God. Then are those you love near you, then are you forming within you the Heaven which after you die will be unfolded to you. Feel with the unhappy, and thus make their sorrow less. Rejoice with the happy, and thus augment their joy. Help those who need assistance—teach those who have need of instruction, and the blessing of God will give you peace, and the presence of angels will ever gladden your spirit. Live and be happy, and you will die and be blest." As the voice seemed to melt away in music, Jessie sank on her knees. She felt as if she were in the presence of God, though she could not see him. He had spoken to her through the angels—his love had reached her soul. This place made all things light to her, and she knelt in prayer, but she knelt not alone—she knew that Willie was kneeling also beside her. God is the Father of us all. The morning woke Jessie to a new and a

happy life. She felt that she had been with the angels, and joy remained with her. She no longer thought of the lonely grave where the body of Willie was laid, but of the glorious life upon which he had entered, and to which she too was destined to enter, if she should prove faithful. True affection rejoices in the happiness of its object, and it was because her love for Willie was purified and strengthened, that she at last forgot her selfish grief in losing him, in the thought of his added happiness, and she no longer longed for him to come and dwell with her, but to go and dwell with him in Heaven.



THE PRIZE COMPOSITIONS



ENRY MARSTON was naturally a good-hearted, generous boy. He ranked high in his classes, and was quite a favorite with

his teachers. His parents were not rich, but highly respectable; and he, being their only son, enjoyed every advantage that their limited means could procure. His mother, who was rather a weak woman, thought no sacrifice too great to advance her darling's interest. His little sister Ellen, a lovely, modest little creature as ever lived, was left quite unnoticed and unthought of.

Mrs. Marston was ambitious that her son should be distinguished at school for his uncommon attainments, and abroad for his genteel and graceful manners, and being a very worldly woman, she had not failed, by her example and instructions, to instil the same ambitious desires into his young heart, which occupied so large a portion of her own. She could not conceal the delight which she experienced when gazing at his fine, handsome

person. Her eyes glistened when she saw him take the highest rank among boys of the same age, and older, at the public examinations. She felt that she had great reason to be proudest of all the parents there, and declared "that she really pitied those mothers who had dull stupid sons"—for all sons were dull and stupid in her opinion, who could not show off.

It had been so long her custom to laugh at, and repeat, his smart speeches before his face, it is not to be wondered at that he should have become thoroughly impressed with the idea that he was quite a wit, and a very uncommon boy for his years; or that he should so have lost sight of his true position as to fancy himself as old as any body, or that he should have lost the modesty so becoming to youth, and become bold and forward in advancing his own opinions, even in the society of his elders and superiors. While his fond mother heard with evident satisfaction his smart repartee, the guests who visited her house returned home disgusted with his pertness, and want of modesty, and thankful that their children, if less brilliant, were less disagreeable. In short, notwithstanding his good disposition, and really fine talents, he was in a fair way, of being ruined, had not a change in his mode of life, and in surrounding influences, revealed to him his true character, and the tendencies of his unfortunate home education. How this revelation was unfolded to him, I will endeavor to explain.

At some distance from the town in which his parents resided, there was a large Academy for boys, and thither he was sent and placed under the special care of one of the teachers, Mr. Mildmay. He was quite delighted with the prospect of leaving home. He loved study, and was ambitious of new honors. He longed for a wider field of influence, and did not doubt of finding every one as ready to admire and applaud as his mother and teachers had been at home. A day's journey found him at his new home. Several boys from different parts of the country were inmates of the same family. Mr. Mildmay was a middle aged man, of a most kind and benevolent disposition. He ruled his household by love, yet he suffered no fault of character to pass unnoticed, or unimproved. He would not be deceived by externals, or dazzled by a pleasing address. His clear eye seemed to penetrate to the very hidden motives of actions and by these he judged his pupils, and taught them to judge themselves. It was consequently rather mortifying to the vanity of our hero to find himself on a level with all the other boys, and it was some time before he really understood that by his intrinsic merit he was to be judged and approved.

Several lads at school made up a purse for a poor man in the neighborhood, who had become helpless from rheumatism, in order to supply him with fuel and other necessities for the approaching winter. The list was handed to Harry, and he

put down a sum much larger than any of the other boys—in short, much larger than was necessary.

“How is this, Harry,” inquired Mr. Mildmay, “Have you not exceeded your means in this donation?”

“Oh no, sir,” replied Harry, with evident satisfaction. “I can very well afford it. My father allows me as much spending money as I wish. In fact, I don’t like to do a thing by halves.”

“Your father is very wealthy, perhaps,” inquired Mr. Mildmay.

“Oh no, sir, but he lets me have as much money as I want,” replied Harry.

“How much have you reserved for the holidays?” inquired Mr. Mildmay.

“None at all, sir; but my father will send me some more whenever I ask him,” replied Harry.

“I think the sum you have given quite too large, my boy,” said Mr. Mildmay. “The case does not require it: besides, you have given more than any other boy, and I would advise you, if you wish to prevent unpleasant feelings among your fellows, to withdraw a portion of your subscription. I have no doubt of your father’s willingness to furnish you with as much money as you desire, but I have great doubts of your good judgment and discretion. Let your generosity be consistent with pru-

dence and justice, and not impulsive. I leave you, however, to do as you please; but I think as your father made you a liberal allowance, if you choose to give it all away at this time, you had better deny yourself the pleasure of spending any on your own gratification the coming holidays."

Harry had no idea of any such self-sacrifice—in fact, he had already written to his father, that, having bestowed all his spending money on a poor, lame man, he must have some more. He was quite mortified that his teacher did not set him up as an example to the other boys, and did not doubt his parents would applaud his generosity.

It was Mr. Mildmay's custom to prolong the interval of dinner, in order to encourage the boys to converse freely with him, and with a view of gaining an insight into their characters, by drawing out their opinions and feelings on various subjects. These conversations were often entertaining and instructive, and both teacher and pupils enjoyed them highly. But since the arrival of Harry Marston, there had been less freedom than formerly, as some of the smaller boys had been subject to his ridicule and sarcasm, and were too timid to wish to encounter it often.

"My boys," said Mr. Mildmay, the day after the subscription paper had been shown him, as they were sitting around the dinner-table in silence, "I wish you to give me your opinions of

generosity. In what does it consist? Think well before you speak, and try to arrange your ideas intelligibly." The boys were silent some time, but nobody seemed inclined to speak.

"George Bertrum," said the teacher, "you are the oldest; let us have your opinion first. What constitutes generosity?"

"Self-sacrifice, sir," replied George.

"A very laconic reply," said Mr. Mildmay, "yet a very comprehensive one. I shall expect you to illustrate it soon. Harry Marston, let us have your views of the subject, next, as you come next in order."

"To give freely of what you have, and to give all you have, to any body that wants it," replied Harry.

"And to be willing to give, if you haven't any thing," added his next neighbor.

"Rightly added," replied Mr. Mildmay; "if the willing heart is at the bottom after all, the motive may be generous when the means are small."

After all had answered who seemed inclined to speak, Mr. Mildmay again addressed George Bertrum, "Are you prepared to define your position, now, my friend? if so, we are ready—make yourself clear, that we may all understand.

Harry Marston whispered loud enough to be heard, that George being the stingiest boy in school, was the last one, in his opinion, to explain what generosity was.

George took no notice of the unkind remark, nor seemed in any way disconcerted. "Because, sir," he continued, "a readiness to make personal sacrifices shows that one is governed by true benevolence alone for others—and although such a person may have no money to give, he gives what is often of more value—his time, and his services; and if not that, his sympathy, and would give more if he had it."

"You are right, as far as you have gone, George," said Mr. Mildmay, "I wish you to take this subject for the theme of your next composition. You, also, Harry Marston, and the one who makes out the best essay, shall win a prize. I wish some one to tell me whether giving liberally is an indication of generosity."

"I should think so, certainly," replied Harry Marston. "The truest indication that can be given."

"I should think *not* the truest," said Frank Seever, a modest little fellow, who sat by the side of Harry. "I should think that the truest, or as true as any—or at least one very true sign of generosity, was in forgiving those who have injured us, or done us wrong, and spoken harshly about us."

"You are right, my man," said the teacher. "It shows the highest, sublimest generosity."

"I should think," said an other boy, "that it was very hard to judge of a person's generosity, by their giving. I have heard it said, somewhere, that one must be *just* in order to be generous—

and people have not always a right to give as much as they would like to—they can't do it to one, without being unjust to others."

"Right again," said Mr. Mildmay, "I am glad to find new ideas started among you."

"I don't think," said Harry Marston, "that such very nice ideas of justice would be likely to enter a truly generous heart. Give me the man or boy, who, when he is appealed to, will give you all he has, and trust to luck for the future. I like to see a fellow take the coat off his back to give to the person that wants one—that is what I call true generosity."

"If he goes without himself, may be," said another boy, "but not if he knows he can get another coat, and perhaps a better one, the next minute. It costs him no sacrifice—it is only an impulse. I remember well my father once told me that we should make generosity a principle, not suffer it to remain a mere impulse. Is it not so Mr. Mildmay?" The teacher answered in the affirmative.

"When George Bertrum refused to join our sailing party because he said he could not afford it, we all called him then a stingy fellow," said a boy who had not spoken before. "We all know better now, begging his pardon. We sneered at him, and insulted him, and some of us wouldn't speak to him. He never resented it in the least, and the very fellow that treated him the

worst, was the one he befriended in difficulty, and nobody ever knew it before. I was the fellow, and I never told of it—but it strikes me that he was a generous boy at that time, if I know what true generosity is."

"Right, right," exclaimed many voices at once. "George Bertrum is a generous fellow. Mr. Mildmay, may we give three cheers for George Bertrum?" Mr. Mildmay nodded, and the whole table cheered, with one exception. That one was Harry Marston. The teacher observed this, and after dinner called him aside. "Was it generous of you," said he, seriously, "to refuse to give your voice to the general acclamation?" "I am not sure it was deserved, sir," replied Harry.

"I thought you had known George, by this time," said Mr. Mildmay. "I hope you will know him, and that you will be friends. I know of no boy in school more worthy of respect and love. I hope, my lad, you have no prejudice against him—no envy, no jealousy in your heart, which blinds you to his fine, noble qualities. If you have, strive at once to eradicate them; those qualities are so inconsistent with true generosity that they cannot exist together."

It was something so new to Harry to be reproved—something so new to hear another praised above him—that he was exceedingly crest-fallen, and at first seemed inclined to be angry, and to resent it as an insult to his dignity. But Mr. Mildmay's man-

ner was so calm and collected—so much in earnest, and so little calculated to give offense, that when he left him, Harry began to examine himself more closely than he had ever done before. He saw that he must establish his reputation here upon his own deservings, and the result of his meditations was an increase of modesty, and a more just appreciation of his own character.

The quarterly examination was fast approaching, and the two competitors for the prize were of course exerting themselves to the utmost to produce a fine composition. It was not the custom in this school to give prizes, and the novelty of the thing rendered it still more a matter of interest. As for Harry, such was his self-confidence that he did not doubt his ability to produce a finer composition than George Bertrum. He had always been told at home that he had a remarkable genius for writing; but, if such had been true, which indeed none but his partial friends had ever discovered, his rival had a more remarkable genius for *thinking*, and was not inferior to any one in school in clearness and beauty of expression. All the boys sided with George, for he was a universal favorite; but he himself, though anxious for the prize, and exerting himself to the utmost to secure it, never forgot that Harry was without doubt as earnest as himself, and he resolved before hand not to allow himself to show any disappointment or ill-feeling, if Harry should be the successful competitor.

At the house of one of Harry's friends, where he was in the habit of visiting freely, there was an old-fashioned room, formerly a library, and now used as a play-room for the young people. In a drawer of the secretary, in this room, were piles of manuscripts, used by the children for waste paper. Looking over these one day, Harry discovered what seemed to be a long essay on the very subject given him for his prize composition. The thought instantly struck him, that he might find some valuable ideas to assist him in his task, and he put the manuscript in his pocket to study at his leisure. It seemed very old, for the paper was much discolored, and the ink quite faded; therefore Harry had no fears of any one's being able to recognize the ideas he might borrow, as they must have been written so long ago as to be quite forgotten. He was, however, cunning enough to change the language, retaining only the ideas, which it must be confessed, were very just and true, and not to be expected of so young a mind. If he was confident of success before, he was doubly so now; and he could not conceal his self-complacency. He talked as if he already had the prize, and was looked upon with envy by his companions, and admiration by his teachers.

How very different were his feelings from those of George Bertrum's. The one engrossed with self and selfish desires, the other, even in his natural ambition to excel, striving to keep

down every selfish wish, and to prepare himself to rejoice in the good fortune of his companion, if he should be the fortunate one.

Which of these two boys, then, were best fitted to write on the subject of generosity? I very much fear that without the aid of borrowed ideas, poor Harry would have been a beggar—for he had few ideas of his own on the subject, and those few very imperfect.

The day at last arrived. The reading of the compositions was the last exercise. A committee was chosen to decide upon the merits of the articles. George Bertrum's was first read, and the look of satisfaction which was evident during the reading, and which was confirmed by very high encomiums when it was finished, could not but be gratifying to George himself, as well as his friends. Then came Harry's essay. It was long, well written, and a remarkable production for a lad of his years. There was a whispering among the boys:

"He stole it out of some book, I know he must have stole it;" but no one could prove it and the verdict was given in his favor.

Poor George did not know how great his disappointment would be until it came. He felt that he had expected the prize. He was not quite prepared to rejoice with his successful rival. All the boys crowded round him to sympathize with him. There

were none to congratulate Harry. And did he feel the satisfaction he anticipated, when he was called up to receive the gold medal for a production that was not his own, and to which he had placed his name, in order to deceive his teachers and triumph over his companion? He, I will do him the justice to say, felt inwardly ashamed of the part he had acted, and for a moment would have rejoiced if, after all, George had received the medal instead of himself. He was almost tempted to confess—but he had not courage to meet the disgrace he felt to be his due. Then he thought he would give up the prize without explaining his reasons. This thought pleased him—he even deceived himself that it would be an act of generosity to bestow it upon his rival. He did not draw the distinction between an act of mere justice and an act of generosity, and if he had looked deeper into his own motives, he would have seen that it was not so much to gratify his rival, as to atone to himself for his own deception, that he was willing to give up the medal. It gave him no pleasure, and the more he thought of the unfair means he had made use of to obtain it, the more anxious was he to be rid of it; but he could not think of exposing himself—he only resolved it should be the last time he would stoop to an act so pitiable and so mean. And in his shame and self-reproach there was ground for hope of amendment. It proved that he had not lost the power to discern right from wrong.

The next day the boys were to leave for home, and after the prize was awarded they separated to make their arrangements for leaving. George was no sooner in the street than he was surrounded by his sympathizing friends. Harry followed on alone—he still resolved to give up the medal, but did not know exactly how to do it. On the door step he was met by the teacher, Mr. Mildmay, who patted him kindly on the shoulder, and congratulated him on his successful effort, “and since you know,” said he, “so well how to explain true generosity, in all its bearings, I shall feel very much disappointed if you do not set an example to your school fellows, that will have more weight than the best written article, on the subject, ever listened to.”

Harry bowed, and said, “I shall do my best, sir.” As he was just about to open the door into his own room, George Bertrum came out of his room. Every trace of disappointment had vanished from his countenance. He went up to Harry and offered him his hand, in the most cordial manner, said he “was right glad he got the prize, and thought he really deserved it.” Harry returned the shake with equal cordiality, and drew him into his room.

“I want you to sit down a moment, George,” said he—and, taking the medal from his pocket, he put it into the hand of his rival. “This is yours, George,” said he, “I mean what I say—I give it to you, for you have the best right to it.”

George looked much surprised, but refused to take it, saying that "indeed he had no right at all to it, and should feel ashamed to receive it, for I know myself, Harry," continued he, "that your composition was much finer than mine, and you have earned it fairly."

Ah! Harry! had you but the moral courage, the generosity to confess the truth now! *now*, while you see your own meanness, in its true light, contrasted with the generosity of your companion! The words rise to his mouth, but the lips will not utter them. *Not just now*, he says within himself, but I will make reparation soon. I will be good to him from this time. He shall be my best friend—there is nothing I will not do for him, but —— and a voice in his conscience whispered "*common justice*." Harry could not still that voice. This was the first act of his life that seemed to himself really mean and contemptible, this revealed to him more of his hidden faults than he had ever known. George rose to go again, bidding him a cordial good-bye, and returning the medal.

"No, George Bertrum," said Harry, emphatically, "that medal is yours—it belongs to you, and, although I shall disgrace myself by telling the truth, I am determined to tell it out at once. That composition was not mine—that is, the ideas were not mine, although the words were. I stole the ideas from an old manuscript—I did not think how mean it was to do so at the time, I

thought only of the triumph I should feel in getting the prize. But when I got it, George, I felt miserable and ashamed—I felt so bad and so disgraced, that I had rather the whole school should know it, and hoot at me for a mean, contemptible fellow, than to keep it, and know that I had no right to it. I feel like a thief, and now take it if you wish to do me a kindness, and I will go this minute to Mr. Mildmay, and tell him the whole story.”

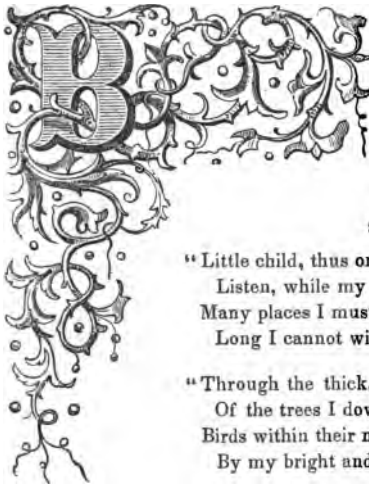
George looked so astonished, and was indeed so filled with surprise, that he had not time to say what he thought and felt, before Harry was out of the room. When he was gone, and his thoughts were a little more collected, he looked at the medal, which he still held in his hand, and then at the door through which his friend had passed—for he now felt that he was indeed his friend—and at length resolved to follow him, and insist upon his keeping silence. It was too late, however. Driven on by his impulse of right, Harry did not stop until he reached Mr. Mildmay's room, and, when there, he lost not a single moment in making a full and free confession of his wrong-doing. Mr. Mildmay, although evidently surprised, and grieved that he had been guilty of so great an injustice to his companion, was gratified at the frankness of his avowal. “I know,” said he, “that I cannot better satisfy your conscience, in this matter, than by rendering justice where it is due. The medal belongs, of right,

to George, and, therefore, I hope he will accept it, and I have nothing further to add, either by way of reproof or admonition, to you, my dear Harry, since I am convinced, by your present conduct, that you have discovered a silent monitor in your own breast, which, if you will heed at all times, you will soon be able to draw such nice distinctions between the right and wrong of your most secret motives, that your character will reveal to us all what true generosity and disinterestedness is—how much it comprises—how truly it exalts and dignifies its possessor. You have gained what is of more value to you now than ten thousand gold medals—a knowledge of yourself, and a desire to act rightly. Preserve this—live up to it, and may God bless your endeavors, my boy.”

Truly, Harry was happier that night than he would have been with ten thousand gold medals. Does not every boy and girl understand why?



THE CHILD AND THE SUNBEAM.



BEAUTEOUS ray of sunshine,
stealing
Through the clouds all dark
and drear,
I would like to ask you ques-
tions—
But you will not pause to hear."

SUNBEAM.

"Little child, thus on me gazing,
Listen, while my tale I tell,
Many places I must visit,
Long I cannot with you dwell.

"Through the thick, unwoven branches
Of the trees I downward stray,
Birds within their nests awak'ning
By my bright and cheering ray.

"Down the hill-side without stopping,
On the mossy rock I'm seen,
And my pathway you may follow
By a thread of brighter green.

"Where the little brook is singing
With a voice of melody,
Like a bridge of woven sunshine
You my sparkling course may see.

"Then, among the fragrant roses,
Which the cottage window hide
In the pleasant little parlor,
With a noiseless step I glide.

"Happy children there are playing,
And I fain would stay awhile,
For I see their eyes grow brighter
As they meet my welcome smile!

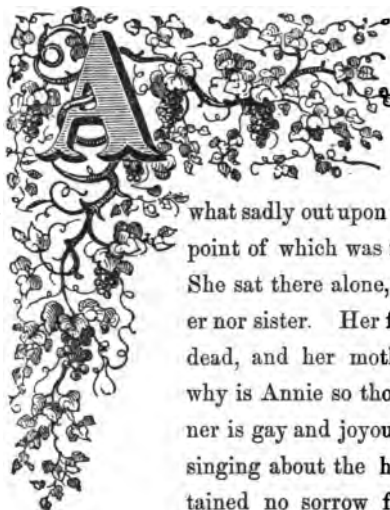
"But, in yonder room so lonely,
Pale and sick a mother lies,
Through the curtains stealing softly,
I must bless her failing eyes.

"Little child, so young and happy,
Would you welcome ever be,
You must carry blessings with you—
You must glad the heart like me.

"Have a free and gentle spirit,
Full of warmth, of love to all,
It will shed perpetual sunshine
Bright'ning wheresoe'er it fall."



THE YOUNG TEACHER.



ANNIE MORRISON sat by her chamber window the evening of her sixteenth birth-day, looking thoughtfully and somewhat sadly out upon the lovely landscape, every point of which was familiar and dear to her. She sat there alone, for she had neither brother nor sister. Her father had been many years dead, and her mother was an invalid. But why is Annie so thoughtful? Her usual manner is gay and joyous. She goes laughing and singing about the house as if the world contained no sorrow for her; and people have wondered that she can be so light hearted while her mother is so sick, and liable at any moment to be taken from her. But Annie does not realize how sick her mother is; she has never anticipated sorrow. She has been so constantly with her mother, and become so accustomed to the sight of her thin, pale face, and Mrs. Morrison herself is so cheerful and so uncom-

plaining, it is not wonderful that Annie should have had no forebodings of ill. But now life looked changed to her. She had been out in the morning to receive the congratulations of her friends, and she flew first of all to her dear aunt Love, with her heart brim full of happiness; and she was met by her, not as she had expected. There was a sad expression on her aunt's face, and tears in her eyes as she kissed her dear Annie and wished her joy. "Come up stairs with me my dear child," said aunt Love, "I have something to say to you." When they were in her aunt's room, and the door closed, the poor young girl was pale and agitated, and hardly dare ask what it was that made her aunt so unhappy; and aunt Love seemed so troubled—so unwilling to begin; but gathering what resolution she could, she drew Annie to her, and, kissing her cheek, she asked her if the thought ever occurred to her, that she might not always be as happy as she was at present.

"My mother has always told me," replied Annie, "that it was both foolish and wrong to anticipate trouble. Why should I do so then? I have all I want; the world looks very bright and beautiful to me; my friends all love me: why should I think that all this is not to continue? If trouble is to come, why should I not wait for it, and enjoy what I can before it comes?"

"You should Annie," said aunt Love, "and yet, when we

know that sorrow and trial are inevitable, it may be wise for us to seek to prepare ourselves to meet them; and that you may do this, I have taken upon myself the painful task of telling you what must give you pain. And I have done it, my dear, because no one else will do it; not that they love you more than I do, but because they do not know you as well. I can appeal to your strength of character—to many good and generous qualities which lie hidden and dormant in your nature; because I know they are there, and will serve you in the hour of need. Annie, my dear child, your mother, my dear sister, must die—I fear very soon—none of us know how soon—but, surely, within a short time. It is not strange that you should not have perceived the gradual decline of her health, particularly, as she has endeavored to appear cheerful, in order to save you from unnecessary anxiety. But she now wishes you could be informed of her real situation, and she dreads to tell you herself. Annie, my child, you know your mother is a Christian; she does not fear to die; she dreads nothing in death but leaving you. Do not weep, my dear; your mother will be happier in heaven than she would be here. She has husband and children awaiting her there; she will be free from all suffering—all temptation—all wrong; and we ought always to rejoice for the good, when they go to that better world.”

“But what is to become of me, aunt Love?” asked Annie; my

mother is all the world to me. How can I be happy when she is taken from me?"

"Time will teach you more than I can tell you, my dear. You will be happy in the thought of all your mother has gained by the exchange; in the recollection of her beautiful character; in communion with her sweet spirit; and, highest of all earthly comfort, you will find solace in the faithful discharge of your duty. What this duty is, you have yet to learn. Your mother is still with you. Strive to make the little remnant of her days, more peaceful and pleasant, than all the past. You have been a kind and devoted daughter: let her see that the lessons she has taught—the beautiful examples she has set for you—have taken root in your heart. Let her see the promise of strength—of self-reliance—of trust in a good Father. Study yourself, my child, and never forget to ask guidance and strength from God. And now I have discharged my painful duty. Remember that you are my child, too. I am your mother's only sister; we have been as one, from our earliest childhood; her children are dear to me as my own. Think of me as of another mother, and God bless you, my child."

It was some time before Annie parted from her aunt; and when she did, there seemed a stronger bond than ever between them. Mrs. Love told Annie, plainly, how limited her mother's circumstances were, and how self-sacrificing she had always been,

in order to procure for her daughter the best advantages for education the village afforded. Annie had never even dreamed of the sacrifices this indulgence involved, and she seemed to herself almost heartless for not having been more grateful. As she was returning home, she called upon a lady of whom she had never been very fond, though for no other reason than that she had once asked her to do some plain sewing for her, offering her a compensation for her labor. This lady, though very wealthy, was not haughty or proud. She knew Mrs. Morrison's limited circumstances, and thought it would have been honorable in Annie to endeavor to help herself. To this lady Annie now went, to petition for some work, and the lady very gladly availed herself of the opportunity of serving her. She inquired kindly for Mrs. Morrison, offered her carriage that she might ride daily, and said if there was any thing she could do for her, she should be most happy to know it.

When Annie reached home, she went to her mother's room as usual. For the first time, she observed how very pale and sick she looked, and she could hardly restrain her tears. Mrs. Morrison retired very early, and Annie went to her own little chamber, where, seating herself by the window, she pondered on all she had heard—on her future destiny—the trial that awaited her—and from that hour, the giddy, frivolous girl was merged in the thoughtful, devoted, self-sacrificing woman.

It was at the close of a beautiful, bright day in summer, and Mrs. Morrison had just returned from a pleasant drive, which she seemed to enjoy highly. Annie had prepared the evening meal herself, as had been her custom for some time, and, seating herself beside her mother near the window, they remained for some moments silent. Never had Mrs. Morrison seemed to Annie so beautiful. The air had invigorated her, and there was a delicate color in her cheek, and a brightness in her eye, that for a few moments deceived the poor girl with the hope that her mother might yet live, and perhaps recover. She looked up in her face, and, with a voice full of feeling, said, "Mother, you are better; you look so much brighter. Don't you think you are a little stronger to night." Mrs. Morrison smiled cheerfully and shook her head. "My darling Annie does not know," she said, "it is impossible that her mother should be really better; but let us thank God I am so very comfortable. Our ride has been so charming. The earth is so full of beauty—so eloquent of the goodness of our heavenly Father, that it is sinful not to rejoice. When I am no longer here to enjoy these blessings with you, you will remember what delight they afforded me while I lived here, and this will sanctify them to you, for affection hallows every enjoyment, and then you will think, Annie, that your mother has gone to a world where every pure pleasure is increased to a degree that one cannot even comprehend in this life—gone to

the intimate communion of innumerable pure beings—gone to the blessed Father himself—gone to those whom she loved in this world tenderly, who have been waiting to welcome her, and you cannot think it right to mourn for her.”

“Oh, mother, mother!” exclaimed Annie, “why must it be so?”

“Because God wills it, Annie,” replied her mother. “Have you not learned to trust in God?”

“Yes, mother, I have; and I do trust in him: do not fear for me.”

“I do not fear for you, Annie. I go cheerfully; for I know that you will be led safely and triumphantly through the trials and the discipline of life. I feel assured of this, and the assurance gives me such sweet peace. And now, my child, let us strive to improve the little time that remains to us, that each of us may retain holy memories of these last hours passed together. Let us be cheerful and hopeful. And now I will go to bed, and you must read to me a little while.”

“And let me, mother, bring my bed into your room, and sleep beside you,” said Annie; and Mrs. Morrison replied that she might do so. When the good girl bade her mother good night, she felt a peace in the depths of her own spirit, that she had never known before. Thus day after day, and week after week passed by. There was very little change perceptible in Mrs.

Morrison, except that she gradually became weaker, and gave up, one after another of her customary indulgences, until, at length, she confined herself entirely to her own room. Every morning and evening, Annie gathered fresh flowers to decorate the sick room; and in every way that affection could dictate, she strove to minister to the comfort and happiness of her dear mother. Her industry was untiring. She showed an interest in the concerns of the household, and endeavored to gain a practical knowledge of domestic affairs, that she might make herself useful in every sphere; but every moment she could spare, she was at her mother's side, reading to her, and striving in every possible way to make her last hours comfortable and happy.

The dreadful hour had passed. Annie was an orphan. Her kind aunt Love took her to her own home, and endeavored to supply the place of a mother to her. She was a strong-minded woman, and her influence over Annie was most salutary. After the first heavy pressure of grief had subsided, Annie resolved upon carrying out her plans, and by reading and study sought to improve herself that she might be fitted to gain her own living, and render herself useful to others. Nothing could exceed her industry, and the result of it was, an improvement so rapid as to astonish her friends.

She felt that the spirit of her mother was constantly with her, encouraging and strengthening her. She could not be otherwise

than happy with so high an object before her; and her happiness was of the most exalted character, for it came from a soul at peace with itself, and warmed by the smile of the infinite Father of love. It was not long before an opportunity was presented to her of making herself independent, and she availed herself of it at once. Very loth was her aunt to part with her. Gladly would she have offered her a permanent home, but she believed it best that Annie should learn to rely upon herself, and commended her resolution. They parted with many tears. It seemed to Annie like parting from a second mother. She was to be a governess in a gentleman's family residing in New York city. Now came the test of her high purposes and devotion to others. It is comparatively easy to be kind and devoted to those we love, and who love us, but it is very hard for one accustomed to affection and sympathy, to be just, and forgiving, and true to those who "despitefully use and persecute" them. But this was now the difficult duty devolving upon poor Annie. She had turned over a new leaf in her life's history, from which she was forced to learn many a bitter lesson. Mr. Markham's family were unlike any people she had ever known. Worldly, ambitious, selfish, and frivolous, they were utterly incapable of enjoying any thing out of their own narrow sphere. Added to this, they were in reality vulgar people in spite of their immense wealth, and Annie could not respect them. The parents set the example of

haughty indifference, and the children, of course, were not backward in following it. Even the servants, apeing the importance of their mistress, treated poor Annie with insolence and neglect. There was but one in the family who really loved her, and that was little Grace—poor, forsaken, little Grace, who was, as her sisters said, “*so cross and disagreeable that nobody could love her.*” Annie pitied the little creature. She was delicate, and suffered much from disease, which made her irritable; and, untill Annie came, no one had ever tried to amuse her or make her happy. She was left almost entirely to the care of a hired nurse, who was not patient with her. The little creature became so fond of Annie that she called for her constantly, and seemed happy only when she was with her. “I can do some good even here,” thought Annie. “This poor, neglected little thing loves me—I can make her happy;” and this reflection was a source of satisfaction to her. Annie had been at Mr. Markham’s nearly a year without having once returned to pay a visit at her old home. She had not even written to Aunt Love any particulars respecting her situation. The family were planning a trip to Saratoga, and Annie asked the privilege of taking a short vacation, while they were absent. It was granted. Learning that little Grace was to be left at home with the nurse, she begged permission to take the child with her. This, too, was granted, and Annie was very happy. Nobody took any interest

in the little creature, and Annie herself put her clothes in order, while the mother and her daughters were arranging their splendid wardrobe for display at Saratoga.

Arrived once more in the genial atmosphere of her early home, with her little charge, who was delighted with the change, Annie seemed perfectly happy. She could not bear to think of returning, and yet she knew of nothing better in prospect. In the course of a few weeks, however, she received a letter from Mrs. Markham, announcing the breaking up of their establishment, in consequence of her husband's failure; and she added that of course her services would be no longer required. She said nothing about little Grace, not even to signify a wish for her return. "She must stay with me, Aunt Love," said Annie, "she must be my child; for nobody will care for her as I do—not even her mother. See how the darling creature has improved in health and strength since she has breathed our pure country air. You must help me to some plan by which I can be able to maintain her as well as myself; for, until her parents claim her, she shall be mine."

Aunt Love smiled at Annie's earnestness, her heart warmed toward the child, and she told Annie to write immediately for permission of the parents to let it remain. This was very readily granted. No provision was made for the necessary wants of the child; but Annie was the more glad, because she wished to

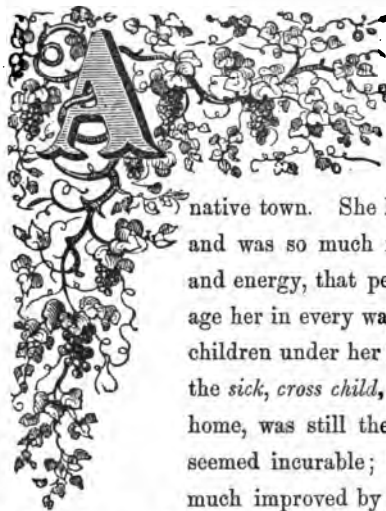
feel toward her, in every respect, as if she were her own, and dependant upon her for every thing. No exertion or self-sacrifice seemed too great to make for her. Every look and tone of love from the child, more than repaid her care.

With what success she carried out her object, will be seen in the sequel; and we hope, in the meantime, to have awakened sufficient interest in both Annie and her little pet, to make our readers eager to learn more of them.



GRACE MARKHAM.

SEQUEL TO "THE YOUNG TEACHER."



YEAR had passed since Annie Morrison left her situation as governess, and she was now the teacher of a school in her native town. She had become such a favorite and was so much respected for her industry and energy, that people were glad to encourage her in every way, and glad to place their children under her influence. Little Grace—the *sick, cross child, whom nobody could love* at home, was still the victim of a disease that seemed incurable; but her health had been much improved by pure country air and careful tender nursing. Her mother had given her up entirely to Annie, and was glad to know that she was in such good hands. The young ladies, her sisters, all of whom were old enough to exert themselves, really did not know how, or what to do; neither had they the inclination to learn. They all

lived in a small country town, for the sake of economy, and derived what satisfaction they could from dressing smarter than their neighbors, and affecting a style of living very incompatible with their means, and quite unlike that of their more simple acquaintances. The consequence was, they made no friends. The greater part of the good country-people did not understand them; the foolish envied, the wise pitied or despised them. How much better it would have been, if these young ladies had learned to work, or tried to feel an interest in the concerns of the household. But no—this they considered degrading. They could neither make up a bed, sweep or dust, or do anything useful. They could not even make a good use of their needle, mend their own clothes, or make their father's shirts. They *could* not, because they *would* not take the trouble to learn how, not from want of capacity. Grace, on the other hand, had been taught to make herself useful to others, knew how to help herself, could sew neatly, "do *housework*" thoroughly as far as she had been taught, and was always busy about something.

The little cottage where Annie passed her early years, and where her mother died, still remained unoccupied. Whenever Annie passed, she cast a longing look up the little yard, and toward the closed windows, and yearned to call the dear spot her own. It was a cherished day-dream of hers, to be able, at some future time, to purchase it with the proceeds of her own indus-

try. One day, as she passed, looking as usual at the house, she discovered a little shingle nailed to the gate-post, on which the words "*For Sale*" stood boldly forth. Her heart sank within her. It would pass into other hands—it could never be her own. One great object of her life seemed suddenly taken away. She told her grief to her aunt when she entered, who sympathized deeply with her. A bright thought suddenly struck her—"It must not go into other hands, Aunt Love," said she; "I will go myself this minute to Mr. Gay, the owner; perhaps I can make some terms with him to retain the house a little longer." No sooner thought than acted upon—she went alone, and was not long absent when Aunt Love saw her returning, and knew by the expression of her countenance the moment she entered, that her errand had been a successful one.

"It is mine—it is mine," exclaimed Annie; her cheek flushed and her eye sparkling. "Mr. Gay is such a kind man. He says he is in no want of the money—that I may have the house to-morrow, and give my note for it. I told him I should come into possession of a little money very soon, and he should have all that, and I would save all my earnings to pay the rest in a few years. He said I might go into the house directly, and that he knew a nice man and woman who would rent the house of me, and keep house for me. And now, Aunt, am I not fortunate? I am too, too happy. The house is mine; I will have my school

there, and Grace shall live with me, and you shall come there as you used to."

"I am afraid you are, as you say, *too happy*," replied Aunt Love, "but I rejoice with you, my dear child—but Grace——"

"Why, is she not my child, Aunt? Have I not been a mother to her? I would not part with her for fifty houses. No, dear as the old homestead is, Grace is dearer still. You could not advise me to send her back to her cold, desolate home, where nobody cares for her. She would pine to death there, among so many cold-hearted, selfish people. There she comes, dear child; I am sure my mother's spirit could not smile upon me if I sent Grace away."

"But your means, my dear girl," said her aunt.

"I know they are small," replied Annie, "but I can work harder, and be more prudent. You know I am not very prudent. Aunt Love, I wish you could look into my soul. I wish you could hear the voice I hear there sometimes, urging me to undertake great things—telling me not to dread difficulties and hinderances. When I listen to it, and think of the future, my whole being seems to expand; I long to be doing more—to be making people happy. I think I really desire to use my life for others Aunt Love; and although this matter of buying the place seems all selfish, yet I cannot help thinking I might make others happy too by possessing it. It is'n't for myself alone that I would make the rooms look cheerful

and pleasant, or train the vines over the porch, or lay out my little garden. I should want all my friends to come and enjoy it—and I should hope that the unhappy and unfortunate might enjoy it too.”

“And so they will, my dear,” replied her aunt. “I think I too can understand that voice. We, all of us, may hear such a voice in our own souls, if we will but listen. Alas, alas! the cares and perplexities of maturer life too often stifle its earnest entreaties. But your mother, Annie, never ceased to listen to that voice, or to obey its promptings. She lived for others, and her spirit yet speaks to you in these earnest aspirations after goodness. Listen to this voice, my dear girl; be steadfast—be strong. The path of usefulness grows broader as we advance, and more pleasant in proportion as we are faithful, until, at last, the boundary of time passed, the illimitable expanse of eternity—an eternity of usefulness and happiness—opens before us.”

The cheek of the young girl grew more flushed as she listened: her eyes grew bright, and her whole soul shone in her face. It was the unclouded light of a spirit, as yet “untasked, untried”—strong in its innocence, in its ignorance of trial and temptation, but drawing its life and strength from the Fountain of all good, rich with the promise which cannot fail: “Whoso drinketh of the water that I shall give, can never thirst.”

"A sacred burden is this life ye bear—
Look on it, lift it, bear it solemnly;
Stand up and walk beneath it steadfastly;
Fail not for sorrow—falter not for sin—
But onward, upward, till the goal ye win:
God guard ye, and God guide ye on your way."

* * * * *

We will now pass over an interval of several years. Annie lived in her own home, not as a school teacher industriously saving her little earnings, but as a happy wife and mother. I should like to show my young friends within those open doors; for I know that one and all, the happy and the unhappy, there would find a welcome. I should love to have them look upon Annie's sweet, happy face—but we must not call her Annie, now that she has grown so matronly. Those two rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed children, call her "*mamma*;" Grace—the pale, deformed, delicate-looking Grace—calls her "*sister*;" and that noble, fine, open-hearted looking man, who is just now frolicking with another Grace—a wee bit of a baby, that can hardly toddle about—calls her "*wife*." His name is Morgan—and Annie—is Mrs. Morgan now; but you would love her as well as ever.

She sees Grace on the porch, looking thoughtful and sad; and as she cannot bear to see any one unhappy, she has followed her out to inquire the cause. Grace has but just returned from a visit home—she has not been cheerful as usual since her return.

"What ails you, my dear sister?" inquired Annie tenderly.

"Oh, sister," replied Grace, "I must tell you all. I am sad because I am going to leave you."

"Leave me!" exclaimed Mrs. Morgan, "leave me, Grace! What do you mean?"

"That my duty lies elsewhere, sister," replied Grace, "I ought to be at my father's house."

"But Gracy, dear, your parents gave you to me; I have brought you up; you have been as a child to me; you cannot think it right to leave me now. I'm sure nobody has a stronger claim upon you than I have."

"Yes, sister, my father and mother have," replied Grace sorrowfully.

"But do they wish you to return to them?" inquired Mrs. Morgan.

"Perhaps they do not *wish* me, but they *need* me," replied Grace, still more sorrowfully; "they are very far from being happy at home—very, very far from being comfortable. I am not strong and hardy, but I could do something to help them. They are poor—very poor, Annie, and they don't know how to get along. My poor father is broken down and wretched—it made my heart ache to see him. When he had money, he was very generous to mother and sisters—they had everything they wanted; but now that he has nothing, they taunt him with being the cause of their misfortunes. They are not kind to my fa-

ther, Annie. When he comes home at night, weary and disheartened, he finds no one to speak a pleasant word to him. His comfort is quite unthought of, his clothes are not kept in repair, his meals are not properly attended to. Oh, sister! I cannot tell you all, but I feel that I could do some good at home, if to no one but him. I did try when I was at home, to be useful to all, but no one except father seemed to feel it; and he did feel it, I know. He used to thank me so kindly; and he always asked for me when he came in; and when I left, there were tears in his eyes. He said he was sorry to lose me, but I was better off with you; and he slipped some money into my hands, and said he wished he could do more for me. I would have staid there, but I hardly knew what to do. Now I know there is but one right way, and that is to go home—to make myself useful, and to try to make my father's old age happy. Perhaps I can do more good than I anticipate. You have taught me many useful things; I ought to be able to communicate these to others. Oh! if I were only strong and well—but this I can never be—never—never. This is my greatest trial, Annie.”

Annie's eyes filled with tears; she could only press her dear Grace to her bosom; She had felt the truth of every word she uttered, but the thought of parting from her, was like the thought of losing a beloved child.

“You do not tell me to go,” continued Grace, “and yet I

know that you must feel as I do. I can understand your silence as well as if you told me in so many words what was passing in your mind. Oh dear, dear sister, how much I owe you. You have been like the tenderest mother to me, from the first moment I clung to you, a poor, unloved, sickly, fretful, little child, whom nobody but you cared for. You know that I can never cease to be grateful to you. I shall try to prove my gratitude by showing that your example and instruction has not been lost upon me. Can't you give me a word of encouragement, sister."

"A thousand—a thousand," replied Annie, "if you needed them; but I am so selfish as only to think of myself, and the pain of parting with you—the great loss I shall feel when you are gone, and how the dear children will miss you. But I ought to encourage you, my poor child, for I know you will have much to encounter, perhaps more than your strength can support; but remember, Grace, my home is always open to you—my heart always ready to sympathize with you." Just then little Grace bounded out of the door and into her Aunt's lap. They were so fond of each other. The tears fell in spite of every effort to restrain them, and glistened like gems on the golden curls of the little child. The evening passed sadly; but the morning, with its bright sunshine and sweet melody, came with refreshment to every heart; and the path of duty, which at

first seemed enveloped in gloom, was now cheered with the promise of happiness.

And Grace was gone—gone home—to a home which she had not thought of as her own for years—and to such a home! It was hard for her to forget her true home enough to be at all times cheerful; but she had not left the spirit of happiness behind her; she knew she should need it all the more, because the influences around were gloomy and unhealthy; and it was with no little satisfaction that she saw one face, at least, made brighter by her presence—her father was an altered being. Nor was it to him alone she came as an angel of light. Although the vail which hung over the other members of the family, was made of more impenetrable materials, it did yield at last, as the heaviest fog will yield to the constant beams of the sun. She made herself beloved, and this was one point gained, which made every other comparatively easy. The change was gradual, but permanent; and the two friends, each in their own sphere, exemplified the truth, that a life of devotion to others is the truest happiness, and that duties faithfully performed, bring with them their own exceeding great reward.

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THOMAS' ADVICE TO HIS MENTORS.

TRAY'S APPEAL TO HIS MISTRESS.



COME here, you cruel, cruel
dog,
To bite your dearest friend;
The happy days we've passed
together,
Now must have an end:

Mother bids me play no more,
With a creature so unkind;
When I frolic in the fields,
You must stay behind.
See this wound upon my cheek,
Mother fears 'twill leave a scar;
Only look at it, and think
How unkind you are.

"When you were a tiny pup,
Scarcely large enough to stand,
How I nursed you—how I fed you,
Tray, with my own hand.
And, when larger grown and stronger,
Full of fun, and mischief too,
Many a beating have I saved you
From our angry Sue.
When you dragged away the clothes,
Which she hung to dry,
Stole her bonnet off the nail,
Pulled her shawl awry,

Bit her ankles when she walked,
Tore her Sunday gown,
Teased her till she sternly threatened
She would beat you down—
Then, between you and the broom,
Boldly would I stand,
And, with earnest zeal for you,
Stay her angry hand."

Looking in his mistress' face,
Patiently stood Tray,
And his speaking eyes revealed,
More than words could say:
"Really grieved I am to see
Such a wounded cheek,"
Very truly would he utter,
Had he power to speak.
"But, my mistress, stop and think—
When with playmates stout,
You were mounted on my back,
Riding round about,
In my agony I tried,
The best way I knew,
To let you know I could not bear
Torture e'en from you.
Sweet the memory of those hours,
When we played together
Racing over hill and dale,
In the summer weather:
But a few short years, at most,
I have now to live,
And the remnant of my days,
Gladly will I give,

If those happy days are ended,
And our joyous play—
Let me die, and then think kindly
Of your faithful Tray."

"Faithful creature," said the child,
"I have been to blame;
You are still my favorite,
I love you just the same;
For my cruel selfishness
I your pardon crave,
And most patiently will bear
The reproof you gave."



THE BLIND MAN.



Once H! do not trouble the poor, blind man," said Jessie Loveall. "He is an old man, and he cannot see.

Let us go and help him over the slippery road."

Jessie ran to the old man. "Let me help you, poor man," said she. "I can lead you better than your dog, faithful as he is to you; for I am sorry for you, and wish to help you. Take hold of my hand." And the old man's hard, wrinkled hand clasped the soft fingers of his little guide.

"It has been raining, and is very wet and slippery," said Jessie. "Hold tight on my hand; I am quite strong, and I can see where I am going. Your legs tremble. Poor old man! you must be very old. Are you sick too?"

"No, my good little girl," said the old man, "not sick, but weak and feeble from old age. I can remember when I



THE DRUNK MAN.

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was young like you. I can look back with the eyes of my spirit upon the happy time when I was a frolicsome boy."

"And then you could see," said Jessie.

"Oh, yes, my darling; I could see as well as you can now," said the old man, "and, like you, I felt sorry for the poor and unfortunate; and that is the reason, perhaps, why, in my poverty and misfortune, I meet with so many who feel sorry for me."

"I will lead you to your own house," said Jessie, "and you shall tell me, if you please, something about your happy days, before you became blind."

"With all my heart," said the old man, "and here we are at home this minute."

"How can you tell, since you cannot see?" asked Jessie.

"Oh!" said the old man, "I have traveled this path so many thousand times, I know every step by heart; and although I cannot see, my dog can; and he always runs faster when he draws near our own door. He is glad to get home, poor fellow. And now, come in, and sit down in that little chair yonder. Once, a bright, blue-eyed child, like you, used to sit in it, and prattle to her proud and happy father."

"And who was the child?" asked Jessie, "and how do you know my eyes are blue, like hers? You cannot see my eyes."

"No, truly I cannot," said the old man, "but my little darling's eyes were blue, and I could see them then; and her voice

was sweet, and her little hand soft like yours; and now, when I touch a soft hand, and hear a sweet voice, it reminds me of her, and I imagine other sweet children must resemble her."

"My eyes are blue," said Jessie, "and I hope I do resemble your little daughter. I am sitting in her chair; and now do tell me all about her—how old she was, and why she died."

"She died because her heavenly father wanted her to live with him," said the old man, "and she was but seven years old when she left me. She was a blessed little girl—almost an angel while she lived on earth—and now an angel in heaven. God gave her to me in my better days, before I became poor and blind. He took from me her mother, leaving her behind a little while to comfort me, and then, to save her from sorrow and want, he took her also; and, although her voice was sweetest music to my ear, and her smile brightest sunshine to my eyes, I knew that God would do what was best, and I was willing to let her go. To me, she never died. I laid her little body in its grave, when the winter snow covered the ground. The next spring, I saw the flowers grow there; but the next winter my eyes became dim, and a second spring brought brightness and beauty to earth, but darkness and gloom to me; for the light of day had set for ever—I was blind."

"Poor man! poor man!" was all Jessie could say.

"Yes, my song-bird," said the old man cheerfully, "I was a

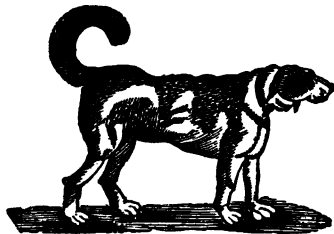
poor man then, but not now ; for when God shut my eyes to the outward world, he opened them to the world within, where his light ever falls ; and then he sends his blessed angels to cheer me, and among them comes the spirit of my child, clothed in the white garments of her innocence, and I feel that she never died—only passed from earth to heaven."

"I wish I had seen her," said Jessie, "should I not have loved her?"

"Oh yes," said the old man, "you must have loved her ; she was so good, so gentle, so kind. I am sure you are like her—I hope you are."

"I hope I shall be," said Jessie, "and if you will let me come and see you often, and talk of her to me, I think I shall grow like her."

"Come then," said the old man, as she bade him good-bye, "I love to talk of her ; and the presence of a happy child is as a ray of sunshine to the heart of a blind old man."



THE MISSION OF THE ANGEL OF DEATH.



O forth," said the heavenly Fa-
ther,
To one of his seraph train:
"Go forth on an errand of mercy
To the world of trouble and
pain.

"Loosen the galling fetters,
That bind the weary and worn;
And bear to their glorious mansions,
The souls that for bliss are born.

"And away from earth's noxious vapors,
Some buds of beauty bring,
To bloom in the heavenly gardens,
'Neath the smile of perpetual spring."

And the angel with wing resplendant,
Went out from the heavenly band,
'Midst a chorus of joyful voices,
Resounding at God's right hand.

In the street of a crowded city,
An old man beggar'd and poor,
Hungry, and sick, and sorrowing,
Sank down by a rich man's door.

Sleep weighed down his heavy eyelids,
And feebly he drew his breath,
As beside him, with look of compassion,
Alighted the angel of death.

Then he thought of the years long vanished,
The lovely, the lost, and the dear,
Till borne on the wings of sweet visions,
He woke in a happier sphere.

There were none on earth to sorrow,
That the old man's days were o'er,
But myriads bade him welcome,
As he neared the heavenly shore.

Slowly night's gathering shadows,
Closed round a lady mild,
Who, tearful and heavy-hearted,
Watched by her dying child.

Fevered and restless and moaning,
On his little bed he lay,
When the bright-winged angel drew near,
And kiss'd his last breath away.

So softly the chain was severed—
So gently was stayed the breath—
It soothed the heart of the mourner,
And she blest the angel of death.

For she knew that the soul of her darling
Had gone to his Father above—
Clasped in the arms more tender
Than even her fondest love.

And still on his holy mission,
Did the heaven-sent messenger roam,
Gathering God's wandering children
To their eternal home.

Those, only, whose souls were blighted,
And withered by sin and shame,
Saw no light in the path of the angel,
And knew not from whence he came.

And those, only, who close their spirits
In willful blindness here,
From the light of God's nearer presence,
Need shrink with distrust and fear.



FORGIVENESS.



LITTLE girl was wandering over the green meadows, solitary and alone. She did not look happy. Now and then she stooped to pick some pretty flower that grew in her way; but the next moment, its leaves were carelessly thrown upon the ground. The yellow butterflies were hovering around her in multitudes, as if the blossoms "had been by magic all set flying." One moment she seemed joyous in beholding them, but the next, her eyes were again bent mournfully upon the ground, and she heeded them not. A tall oak spread its boughs toward her, as if to win her to seek rest under its canopy of green leaves, and she went gladly to fling herself down under its shade, for the heat of the summer sun was oppressive to her. A little bird alighted on a branch over her head, and from its throat poured out

a song so sweet and so loud, that she could not help listening to it; and while she listened, her own little bosom seemed to grow lighter; but when it had ceased, she sighed heavily, and shut her eyes tight, as if to keep back the tears. Poor child! she was unhappy. There she lay with closed eyes in that spot of beauty, where every thing seemed full of delight but herself; and bye-and-bye the sound of merry voices met her ear. "It is the happy children at play," said she. "Oh, why am I not with them?" She felt almost tempted to rise and join them. There were soft whispers in the air, which seemed to say: "Go, go little child, and be happy." The wind, as it played among the leaves, and bowed the long grass by her side, seemed to say, "Go;" the flowers nodded cheerfully, in silent encouragement; and again the little bird perched on the bough, and mingling his notes with the voices of the happy children, seemed to urge her so eloquently to go, that she half arose; the cloud seemed almost to have passed away from her face, and she exclaimed, "Yes, I will go and be happy." Ah, why did she not obey those spirits of good that were near to admonish her? Alas! another voice, closer to her heart, muttered in discordant tones, "No, do not go—stay here, and let them seek you whose unkindness drove you away. If they miss you, or if they care for you, they will come after you; but listen—they sing, and laugh, and dance, as light-hearted and joyous as if you were with them.

They do not care for you—they do not love you—I would be too proud to go where I was not wanted.” And the little girl listened to the voice of the bad spirit, and laid down again. Daylight was now nearly passed, and the gray curtain of twilight was let down from the sky. The fairies crept silently over the grass, scattering their beads of dew, and the sleepy blossoms hung down their heads, shedding sweet odors, like prayers, on the breath of the evening wind. A rustling of light wings amidst the leaves, told that the birds had returned from their wanderings to nestle in their sheltered homes; and cool winds crept down from the hill-side with a soft, pleasant sound, and with their invisible wings, fanned the hot cheek of the little girl, and lifted her curls from off her brow, and away they swept whence she could not follow them. The perfume of the flowers, the whisper of the wind, and the trembling dew-drops that hung like tears on the flowers, seemed to whisper, “Forgive;” and again the little girl arose, and a voice in her heart replied, “I will forgive.” The shadows of night were deepening around her; but, hanging above the hill, in a sea of rosy light, was the crescent moon, and near it, a bright, beautiful star; and as the light grew dimmer, the moon and star grew brighter, and the little girl watched them until her heart swelled within her with real joy—for the clouds had passed away from her spirit, and peace had dawned upon her at last. While she stood there

gazing, a fairy-like figure stole softly to her side, and before she knew it, soft, loving arms were around her neck, and a sweet voice whispered, "Sister, forgive me. I was unkind to you, but I am sorry. We have not been happy since you were away." And now that she was ready to forgive, there seemed to the child nothing which demanded forgiveness. She herself seemed most blame-worthy—because she had taken offense where none was intended; or, if any, so slight, so unimportant, that it was strange, indeed, that a few hasty words should have occasioned hours of unhappiness. The repentant child hung her head in shame, as she answered, "I have nothing to forgive you, my sister; but can you forgive me?" Thus good in the heart of both of the children prevailed. They had taken the beam from their own eye, and saw it was but a mote—a mere speck in the other's eye. "How would our mother's gentle spirit reproach us with our unkind thoughts of each other," said one. "How I reproach myself," said the other. And now with hand locked in hand the two sisters, reconciled and happy, sought again the merry party. The light burned cheerfully in doors—music and mirth went round. There were no discords—no shadows—till, at last, the little guests returned, each to her own home, and the sisters remained alone. They gave their father his good-night kiss, and received his nightly blessing; and when they went to their own chamber, side by side they knelt, where

once their mother knelt with them, and prayed for forgiveness to their Father in heaven; for they felt that He had seen their hearts, and He, alone, knew how much of wrong feeling had been awakened there. In silence, they resolved to be more watchful in future—the one not thoughtlessly to give offense, the other not hastily to take offense—and both to be ever ready to acknowledge their faults, and mutually to forgive all wrong.



THE EARLY DEAD.

~~~~~  
 "Why should we weep for the young and pure, called early to their home in heaven?"  
 ~~~~~



MAKE her grave in some
 sweet spot,
 Where the spring flowers
 bloom;
 Nothing near the place
 should waken
 Thoughts of grief or gloom.

Brightly through the quivering leaves
 Let the sunlight fall,
 Calling forth the birds, to hold
 Their matin festival;

And at twilight's quiet hour,
 With a parting blessing,
 Let the soft rays linger long
 With their mute caressing.

Plant white roses at her head,
 For she loved them best;
 And, like them, in purity,
 Was her spirit drest.

Scatter pale, blue violets
 On the turf above her;
 They are like the charms which won
 Every heart to love her.

Little child so full of life,
Dost thou think with dread
Of the cold and lifeless clay,
In its narrow bed?

From the church-yard dost thou turn,
As a place all drear?
Lonely in the silent night,
Shrinkest thou with fear?

Dost thou ever inly wish
Time would never end?
Dreadest thou to meet the goal,
Whence all mortals tend?

Come to this sweet spot and muse
On her soul so fair;
Nothing but its cast-off garment,
Lieth moldering there.

All that made her life so dear,
Liveth yet on high—
'Twas a portion of the spirit
Which can never die.

Death to her came as an angel
From its home above,
By her Father sent to lead her
To His arms of love.

While she lived, she strove to do
What was just and right,
Therefore, feared she not to stand
In her Father's sight.

To preserve her soul unstained,
Was her constant prayer;
And she saw her Father's smile,
Round her every where.

When her eye no more could mark
Loved ones standing near,
Still that smile upon her soul
Grew more bright and clear.

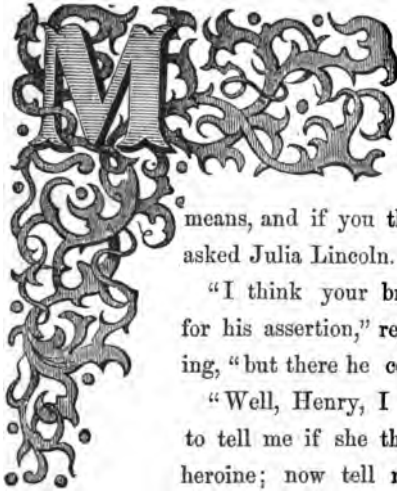
Wherefore, then, should you or I
Wear a face of gloom?
Wherefore bend with bitter weeping
O'er her early tomb?

Let us to the peaceful spot,
Day by day, repair;
And perhaps her gentle spirit
May be with us there.

Though upon her mortal form
We may look no more;
To our soul, perchance, she cometh
Nearer than before.

Then when memory makes us weep,
For the dear departed,
Hopes like these shall chase the tears
Which regret has started.

AFFECTATION.



AMMA, brother Henry says I want to be a heroine; nothing will suit me but to be a heroine.

Can you tell me what he means, and if you think he is in the right," asked Julia Lincoln.

"I think your brother has some ground for his assertion," replied Mrs. Lincoln, smiling, "but there he comes to explain himself."

"Well, Henry, I was just asking mother to tell me if she thought I wanted to be a heroine; now tell me, in plain words, what you mean by being a heroine, and I will tell you whether I wish to be one or not."

"Why, a heroine—a heroine is a being just like you, poor Julia, who is always in, or wishing to be in, some great misery, or some exquisite happiness—who could very easily make some *tremendous* sacrifice, but finds it quite too difficult to put herself

to any *slight* inconvenience—who had rather excite wonder and admiration for some one or two dazzling qualities, than win the love of all by a cheerful, unobtrusive goodness, and for lack of some great sorrow, sits in the twilight, pensively looking out upon the sky, and imagining a thousand shapes of dread, to look sad about—one of those interesting characters we read about in novels—a creature all poetry, nothing real—an airy vision, whom one is afraid to hug with a right good-heartedness—like this,” squeezing her rather roughly.

“Oh! pray don’t, Henry; see how you have rumpled my cape. Why need you be so rough?”

“There, I told you so,” said Henry, laughing; “I knew just how it would be. It would be quite out of character—quite undignified in a heroine of your description to do any thing in a whole-soul way. If you embrace your friends, it must be with the *utmost tenderness*; if you walk, it must be in a very lady-like way; if you dance—” at the same time seizing her round the waist, her brother waltzed her about the room with such extraordinary velocity as to endanger the chairs and tables, to say nothing of life and limb.

“I declare, Henry,” exclaimed his sister, as soon as she could find breath to speak, “you are too rude to be in the house; really I desire that you would leave me to my own habits and tastes, despicable as they are in your opinion, rather than try to

instruct me in yours, if this is a specimen of what you like. I appeal to mother, if you are not very rude."

"I confess," said Mrs. Lincoln, "your brother's manner is rather boisterous—it savors a little too much of the rough school-boy."

"But isn't her's equally disagreeable?" I appeal also to you, mother. Mine is natural, at any rate, and her's is unnatural—mine is true, and her's is not true."

"How do you know that mine is not true," asked his sister, somewhat piqued? "You can't see into my heart, and you have no right to judge of my feelings and motives without knowing them."

"I know I can't see into your heart, sister; because you have enveloped yourself in so many coverings and disguises that nobody can look through them. I could see into your heart once—when you were a little girl—when you used to race and romp about like a hoyden, and get angry, and shoot sharp words at me."

"And I suppose you liked me better then," said his sister, "since you seem so dissatisfied with me now; and yet if I remember right, you were always quarreling with me."

"To be sure we did quarrel now and then, but when we made up we were right happy together. Now, to speak the plain truth, sister, you seem to me a bundle of affectation. You are

too sweet to be genuine, except when I stir up the acid now and then, and produce a slight effervescence."

"I think you are very unjust and very unkind," said Julia, "and I wish to have nothing more to say to you."

"But I hav'n't done yet. You know, you asked me to tell you what I meant, and I want to explain. I must speak just what I think, or I can't speak at all. Now, for instance, yesterday, when Miss Bruce came to call on you—a girl whom you really dislike, and for very good reasons—you were so *very* polite—so *very* amiable; why, she really might have gone away with the notion that you were the dearest friend she had in the world; and yet I know, and mother knows, that you don't like her, and can't like her. Now, how is a person to know what your real feelings are, if you treat every one, friend and foe, with the same cordiality?"

"But surely I ought to be polite to every one that comes to our own house," said Julia.

"Surely you ought," replied her brother, "but there is a great difference between being polite, and making a person believe you love them dearly, and would do any thing to serve them. Now I have heard you say, Miss Bruce was a very unamiable girl—a girl of no truth—a perfect tyrant over her little brothers and sisters—in short, I never heard you give her credit for any thing pleasant or loveable; and if you were

true, you could not treat her cordially—much less, affectionately.”

“Go on: let us hear you through, my wise Mentor,” said Julia. “You will make out a lovely character after a while, and when the picture is complete, I trust you will admire it.”

“Yes, I will go on, my dear sister; not because I wish to hurt your feelings, but I want to show you to yourself,” said Henry.

“I suppose our mother is quite inadequate to the task of bringing up her children,” replied Julia. “She is no doubt very grateful for your assistance, and for your superior discernment.”

Henry looked somewhat piqued; but, as Mrs. Lincoln seemed busy with her book, and made no reply, he went on.

“When somebody was telling us last night about Miss Dix’s self-sacrificing devotion, in visiting the suffering and insane, your whole soul seemed to expand with admiration and the desire to go and do likewise. I saw with what admiring eyes the speaker looked at you, no doubt thinking you would be just such a devoted, self-sacrificing woman. But, my dear sister, if he had seen you a half-hour before, quite deaf to the entreaties of your little sister, who wanted you to go and see what was the matter with her sick kitten, he would have thought you must needs go to school a good while before you had learned to give up your own ease for the happiness and good of others.”

"I might still *desire* to be such a woman as Miss Dix," said Julia.

"If you *really* desired it, you would strive to be so. What we wish to be, we take some trouble to be, if we wish from right motives; and purely unselfish benevolence would show itself in a devotion to others in *little* things. That is what I said first: you would make a *great* sacrifice for the sake of popularity, but you can't make *little* every-day sacrifices, which are never known beyond one's own door-sill. You want to be a heroine—that's the summing up of all. At present, you want to pass for a very amiable, gentle creature—always speak softly—have a deal of interest in your *dear* friends and acquaintance—would like to have it said, '*There goes the charming, gentle Julia—so good, so kind, so sympathizing*;' and all this would be truly desirable, if it was the reality, and not the appearance you cultivated."

"And since you pride yourself on your truth and sincerity, how do you propose to treat me in future," asked Julia, "for surely you cannot but despise such a character as you have drawn."

"Surely I cannot; but, my dear, that is only the appearance I have given you. The real being—my *real* sister Julia—with her *real* faults, I love dearly; not for her faults perhaps, but in spite of them; and if she would try as hard to *conquer* them as she does to *conceal* them, I should admire her exceedingly.

Now you won't be angry with your brother long, for telling you of your affectation, though I confess he began in rather a rough way; because, you know he loves you dearly, and you know that, in spite of his rudeness, you love him a little." Henry put his arm about her waist, and drew her toward his mother. "I suppose you have been a listener to our conversation," said he, "and now tell me if I am right or wrong."

"I will spare our mother that disagreeable duty," said Julia, smiling, "because I am willing to confess that you are right. I have been too careful to cultivate an agreeable manner, but it was not from a desire to deceive. I really wish to become good and amiable; and often, by adopting a gentle and moderate way of speaking, I keep down the rising ire, which, if I should once allow it to escape, would lead me away. But I have not been equally careful to *subdue* the evil, as to *conceal* it. You are a pretty blunt teacher, but a thorough one; and confess now that I have borne your reproof in quite an amiable spirit."


"Most willingly do I confess it, my good sister, and give you all due credit; and what is more, I ask your forgiveness for my rudeness, and for having crumpled your collar, and danced the breath out of your body: and now, before our mother here, let us choose our motto for action. Let it be truth—truth in every thing—in every thought, word, and action—that you may be a true woman—which is the highest compliment man can pay to

woman—and I a true man, which is the crown of honor most to be coveted—and that, true to every thing high and great and good, we may be true also to each other as long as we live. Our mother will give us her blessing on this resolve.”

“My blessing and God’s blessing on my dear children,” said Mrs. Lincoln, “and He, who is truth itself, will be ever ready to help those who ask him.”



THE OLD WELL.



NEAR the house where Annie Burton lived, there was a large old-fashioned well. It was dug by Annie's great-grandfather, and was more than a hundred years old. The grass always looked very green beside it, and the wild flowers always bloomed very sweetly around the old mossy stones at the base. And the water—deep, deep down—was so pure, so cool, and so delicious, it was a treat to taste it; and oh! how refreshing it was on a hot summer day! Annie's mother was a timid woman, and when her little girl was playing about the yard, and climbing up the sides of the well, to look down into the water, she would beg her to come away, for fear her foot might slip and let her fall. She used always to wonder why Annie always chose that spot to play in. The reason why she did so, I will explain. Annie's mother had very often told her the story of her great-grandmother's little daughter

Ellen, who fell into this well and was drowned. She told her this story to keep her from playing there; but it only made her play there so much the more: for, silly little Annie, she thought little Ellen was still down there, and that it was she who looked up with such a pleasant smile every time Annie looked down into the well. Annie often talked with her mother about playing with little Ellen; but her mother, thinking she meant one of the neighbor's children, did not pay much attention to what she said, or she would have understood why her little daughter played by the well so much of the time. One night, feeling very tired, Annie went to bed earlier than usual, and her sleep was quite uneasy and disturbed; for her little legs ached, from running about on them all day. She dreamed that she had wandered far from home, into a thick, dark wood, where she was lost, and could see nothing around her but tall trees, growing so closely together as hardly to allow her to pass. In this wood she wandered about, trying to find her way home, until, at length, she saw an opening, into which she gladly turned, thinking it must lead to her mother's house. At last it ended; and, spread out before her, was a broad, green meadow, where not a house or tree was to be seen. The grass was as high as her shoulders, and splendid flowers blossomed on every side. In the midst of this grassy meadow, she spied the old well, with its mossy roof and sides, and the dear old bucket

standing outside, as it always did at home. It seemed to her that she could not drink enough of its clear, cold water. She plunged her head and hands in the bucket, and was very much refreshed. The next thing was to mount up the outside and look in, to find her darling Ellen, who was sure to be there to welcome her. Never had the water seemed so pure—never had the little image smiled so sweetly. Annie was delighted. While she was looking and listening, she heard the most delicious music, and then a voice singing, "Come, come, come, down in the fairy well: I will give you the fairest flowers; we will play all day in the green fields, and at night you shall come to my beautiful home, lit up by a thousand glittering fire-flies; and music such as you hear now shall lull you to sleep. Come, come, come, to my fairy home in the well."

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed Annie, "I will come," and casting herself, as she thought, into Ellen's arms, she threw herself out of bed upon the floor, which awoke her immediately. Her mother, hearing the noise of her fall, went up stairs in haste, and was glad to find her not hurt—only a little frightened. Annie begged her mother to listen while she told her dream, which she did; and then she knew, for the first time, what her daughter meant by going to play with Ellen.

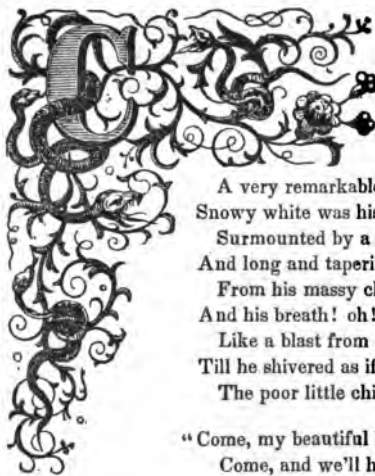
"My dear child," said her mother, "I thought you must have known, that a child who was drowned more than fifty years ago,

could not be alive in this world now. Her little body was taken from the well and buried, and the spirit which once lived in that little body, now lives with God in heaven—not in the deep, dark well. Could little Ellen speak to you now, no doubt she would say, "Come, come to my bright, happy home;" and I hope my good little girl will be ready to go when she is called there by her heavenly Father. And now, good night, my daughter; remember your dream and your fall, and never again play too near the old well."



A DREAM:

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IN WHICH THE SPIRIT OF WINTER APPEARED TO A LITTLE BOY, TO  
TEACH HIM A GOOD LESSON.  
~~~~~



COME, let us play awhile, my
boy,"

Whispered low, in a dream one
night,

To a child in a nice, warm
bed that slept,

A very remarkable looking sprite.

Snowy white was his long, straight hair,

Surmounted by a frosty crown;

And long and tapering icicles,

From his massy chin hung glittering down.

And his breath! oh! icy cold it fell,

Like a blast from the north on the sleeper's ear,

Till he shivered as if in an ague fit—

The poor little child—while the sprite stood near.

"Come, my beautiful boy, I say;

Come, and we'll have a frolic together:

Close in my arms you've nothing to fear,

You should be merry this glorious weather.

Hither and thither—round and round—

Up and down—how swift we go;

These are my children dancing about—

Merry elves, these children of snow!

Now we're off on the frozen street,
I'll go before you—follow—follow,
Down to the chrystal pool that lies,
Frozen and still in the leafless hollow.

Swift as an arrow shot from a bow,
Over the surface how we fly!
Are you cold? are you cold, my bonny boy?
Jump and dance, then, and don't be shy.
Here is a cloak—the best that I have—
The same that I hang on the bare, brown trees—
Wrap it around you snug and tight,
And dance away, or your toes will freeze."

"Ah! good Winter," the poor boy cries,
"I love not a playmate so rough and old;
Let me go home to my own fireside—
My limbs are stiff—I am dying with cold.
My mother sits by the nice warm fire—
She looks abroad on the frosty air,
But she fears it not, and she feels it not,
For she knows it cannot enter there."

"Then give me a kiss, my bonny boy,
And press me in a kind embrace,"
And the stiffened lips of the frightened child,
Were frozen fast to the old man's face.

"Thou lovest me not," the old man said,
"Thou shunnest the touch of my icy hand,
Thou lovest better the warm fireside,
Where gather the happy household band.
Go to thy mother, so good and kind,
Thy brothers and sisters are longing for thee;

But remember, my boy, there's many a child,
Who cannot thus easily 'scape from me.
In vain to gladden their tearful eyes,
I scatter my gems in the frosty air;
In vain spread out my chrystal pools,
To tempt their feet, all bleeding and bare;
I kiss their cheeks so wan and pale;
I hold them close in my icy arm,
Till their life-pulse stops, and they know no more,
The sense of pain or the dread of harm.

Better, I ween, would the wretched child,
Born amid poverty, want, and woe,
Love to dwell in a home like yours,
Than in my palace of ice and snow.
Better he'd love the bright fire-light,
Than the glimmer of stars in the midnight sky;
Better he'd love a nice warm bed,
Than naked and cold on the floor to lie.
Go to your pleasant home, my boy,
A smile and a welcome await you there;
Kind hands to give you whatever you need—
Blessings which you can afford to share."

Glad was the child to feel once more,
The spirit's chilly arms withdrawn,
As he bounded out on his chamber floor,
And was met by the smile of a glorious morn—
Glad to find that the cold embrace
Of the winter spirit, so stern and old,
Was but the effect of a troubled dream,
As he lay with his feet a little cold.

But if in visions, as some have said,
Spirits from a celestial sphere—
To teach, to warn, to guide, and bless—
Unseen by grosser sense, draw near:
Then something more than an idle dream
This vision of the boy will prove,
And open his eyes to human woes,
And move his spirit to acts of love.



HERRY BOY.

LITTLE WILLIE sat by the fire, with his elbows on his knees and his head in his hand, when Mr. Barton, the school-master, came in. "What are you thinking of, Willie?" asked

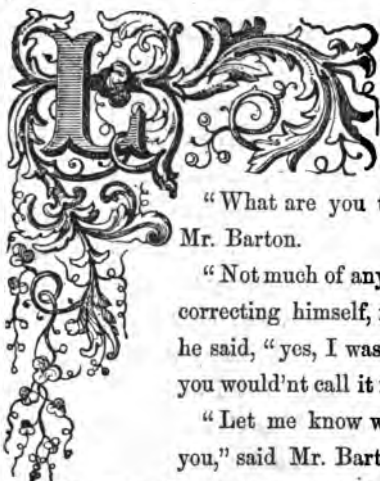
"Nothing," replied Willie; then "If, for he was a boy of truth, was thinking of something, but not much of anything, I s'pose." "What was it, and I will tell you," said Mr. Barton, good naturedly beckoning him; and Willie, who only a moment before was at his side in a moment of his heart.

"Nothing concerning Willie, that is all," said Willie, "If any of you wish to know, you would imagine me springing up in your heart,"



THE BLACKBERRY LENT.

THE BLACKBERRY BOY.



WILLIE sat by the fire, with his elbows on his knees and his head in his hand, when Mr. Barton, the school-master, came in.

"What are you thinking of, Willie?" asked Mr. Barton.

"Not much of anything," replied Willie; then correcting himself, for he was a boy of truth, he said, "yes, I was thinking of something, but you would'nt call it much of anything, I s'pose."

"Let me know what it was, and I will tell you," said Mr. Barton, good naturedly beckoning his young friend to come to him; and Willie, who only needed a few words of encouragement, was at his side in a moment, prepared to reveal the secret of his heart.

But let me tell my friends something concerning Willie, that I may awaken some interest in him if possible. If any of you could look upon his bright, honest, truthful face, you would immediately feel an affection for him springing up in your heart,

for that face was the image of his soul. He was a happy little fellow, not because he had many luxuries—not because fortune smiled upon him, or wealth purchased him amusements and self-gratification—for the circumstances with which he was surrounded were anything but cheerful and pleasant: his mother was poor and sick—his father was intemperate and often ill-tempered in consequence—his brothers and sisters, all older than himself, were scattered about, seldom at home, and when at home, often troubled and unhappy. But he had a sunny, hopeful disposition, a warm affectionate heart, a desire to do all he could for others—and *this* constituted his happiness. His joy came from within; and, as he was too young to feel or to understand why care and anxiety should weigh upon the spirit—too young, indeed, to know what care and anxiety was—he did not trouble himself with much fretting: but I think, after all, the real secret of his enjoyment and of his cheerfulness, was in his unselfish disposition. It did not sour his temper, if he had no butter for his bread, as was very often the case—or if his clothes were poorer than his school-fellows, as they certainly were—or if he could not buy hoops, and balls, and skates, and he knew he could not—because his mother had not the means of gratifying him. He was not thinking of himself and his own wants, but of what he might do for others, and how he might relieve his mother, by running her errands, bringing in wood, making

fires and wiping dishes—and, in his desire to be useful, he even learned to sew, well enough to hem towels and make bags—and if the bigger boys cried shame, he did not care: he was above being fretted by it.

Now we will let him speak for himself, which he can do better than we can speak for him. He stood by his teacher's chair, and looked straight into his face with his earnest, truthful eyes, while he told him what he had been thinking about.

"I was thinking," said he, "how I wished I could work and earn some money—I do long to be a man; how much I could do, sir, if I was a man."

Then Mr. Barton wanted to know what he wanted to do, and if he did not think he could contrive to do something now, while he was a boy, and what he wanted money for; and he had a straight forward answer to every question. The sum of them all, was, that he wished to be able to help his mother—to get her a new stove (which he knew she wanted badly), and a warm shawl to cover her in the cold winter weather when she went to church. After he had finished telling what he wished and what he longed to do, he continued to look in Mr. Barton's face as if he expected he would keep him to find something to do. He was not mistaken.

"You are a little fellow, Willie," said Mr. Barton; "that is, you are young and not over tall, but your shoulders are pretty

broad and your legs pretty stout." Willie straightened up and looked quite well pleased with himself. "You can run a race," said Mr. Barton.

"Yes, sir, with the quickest," replied Willie; "I can beat the swiftest runner in school."

"You can lift a pretty heavy load, too," continued Mr. Barton.

"Yes, sir; I can lift Harry Wood and carry him from the school-house to the fence," replied Willie, boldly.

"Well, then, I'll give you a job to do for me. I go to market twice a week, and I want you to go with me and carry home my basket, and I will give you ten cents every time you do it."

If Willie had received a purse full of silver dollars, he would not have been more delighted than with this liberal offer. He had never had ten cents but once in his life, and the thought of earning it twice a week, making the amount of his wages twenty cents a week, and he only a little fellow ten years old, made him feel like a man at once. He began to spend his money in imagination, and it was all to make his mother comfortable; therefore his happiness was the more pure and satisfying, as the happiness which arises from the will, or even the wish to make others happy, always is.

Mr. Barton soon took his leave, and Willie was to begin his work the next day.

And how far do you think he had to carry the basket? Two

long miles—and a heavy basket it was, well filled with good things, many more dainties than the boy was accustomed to see. To say that he did not sometimes long to have them, to carry home a nice bit of meat, or some fair fruit to his mother, would be untrue, for he did most heartily desire for her sake to be able to tempt her poor, diseased appetite, with these luxuries; and sometimes he would appropriate a portion of his small earnings, and buy what he knew his mother would relish, and it made him happy to see her eat what he had bought for her: but he was laboring for a greater object, and a more lasting benefit to his mother, and therefore he was obliged to practice self-denial. He never spent a cent of his earnings upon himself.

Willie lived two miles from town, and Mr. Barton lived two miles in an opposite direction. Therefore, Willie had to walk four miles, and carry the basket two; but he “out across,” to go home, which shortened his walk considerably. His earnings amounted to three dollars, when he found out by dint of hard thinking that he could do something more, and, perhaps make more money. It was blackberry time, and they were very abundant. The bushes were filled, and they hung in clusters high above his head: for miles, the fields were covered with the tempting fruit, and all that was necessary, was the hand put forth to pick them, for they were free to all. Willie liked to eat blackberries himself, and had always gathered as many as he

wanted, and always supplied his mother, while they lasted, with what she desired: but now the thought struck him to gather them for market. He did not go to school, and therefore he had plenty of time. It was a capital idea and he acted upon it immediately. He rose early in the morning as soon as it was light enough to see, and, with basket in hand, traversed the fields wet with dew, gathering the largest and ripest; then covering them with cool green leaves, he was off with them to the market while they were yet fresh—and they looked truly tempting. Willie himself, with his bright, kind eyes, and his fresh cheek, attracted the attention of many good-natured people, who desired to see what was covered up in his basket, and the clever child with his tempting berries became quite an object of interest. A few people who liked the best of every thing, and were willing to pay a good price for it, agreed with Willie, to take as many berries as he would bring, and give him the highest market price. Now he reaped a golden harvest, truly—for he was able to gather ten, and twenty quarts a day, for he did little else besides pick berries and keep his mother at home. Remember, he was not working to make money for the love of money, but for love of the good uses he might put it to—and he was working for others. This is very different from the miser's love of money, or the selfish gratification it will purchase, which is low and groveling.

By the time the blackberry season had passed, Willie, the blackberry boy, had earned enough money to buy his mother the stove, and had some left besides. Was it not a proud moment to him, when he first brought in the wood and with his own hands kindled the fire in it that was to keep his poor mother warm all winter. There is no pleasure like that which a generous heart feels in making others happy. He who is bent upon doing good to others, will never be at a loss to find opportunity.

"Where there's a will, there's a way." We might indulge in a play upon words, and say that when there's a *will*, such a will as our young hero—such an energetic, unselfish, cheerful, hopeful *will*, resolved upon doing something—resolved upon serving others, there is a way—indeed there are innumerable ways, of accomplishing the object.

Now let me pass over a few years and show our blackberry boy to you in another character. I told you, that on the bright, sunny face of the child, there was no shadow of care and anxiety, and he was not old enough to comprehend the nature of that care which weighs so often upon older hearts. But youth cannot last forever, and with the increase of years comes the knowledge of duties and responsibilities, and, alas! of trials too, for there is no lot without them.

When this knowledge came to Willie, first, as a reality that

he could not pass by, he thought more seriously than before. "What shall I do in the world to be useful, and make others happy." He now knew what happiness was, and his kind heart was touched with sympathy for the mother he loved; for he knew she was unhappy, and not without cause from the bad conduct and the unkindness of her erring husband—his father. Often as he lay in bed at night, trying to keep awake that he might be the first to open the door when that wretched man staggered home, he prayed with earnestness to his Heavenly Father that he might be able to find some way of persuading his father to reform; but the hopefulness which inspired his young bosom in childhood, was tempered with doubt and fear. It did not, however, desert him; and, while he labored to assist and to console his mother, his thoughts were constantly busied in devising schemes to save his father from ruin.

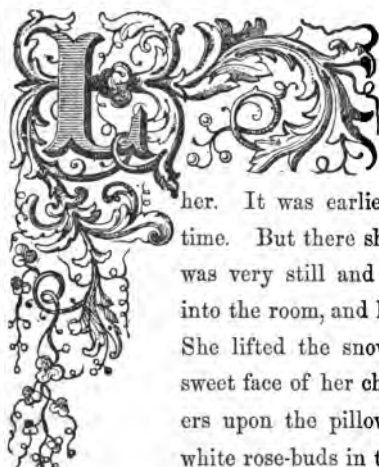
He would not leave home, for he felt that his presence and protection were needed there; and so he set about the care of the farm and garden, which was fast going to decay, and labored very industriously, until the little cottage began to wear a more cheerful aspect. His brothers and sisters were all settled, and doing for themselves. They had families of their own to look after. William, for he had now grown to be a man, resolved to remain with his mother as long as she lived. It was astonishing to see the amount of good he did, all in apparently a

small way, and by little and little, and the influence he acquired over others, was of the same kind, by the force of a good example, a truthful, honest nature, and a kind, loving heart. People used to tell his father that he ought to be proud of such a son, and his father, by degrees, seemed to awake to the consciousness of what a good son he was, and he did feel proud of him. His own vices were rebuked by William's silent example. The influence of long habit was very strong, but at length he was prevailed upon to join the temperance society and to return to himself—to his better nature—this, too, through the influence of his son.

I will not write a longer history: I wish to impress upon my young friends the beauty of disinterestedness, the unfailing good results of well directed energy, and to inspire them with the determination not only to work while the day lasts, but to begin early in the morning "while the dew is on the grass," and to work for others, that they may grow up to be as happy and useful as did our young blackberry boy.



SELF-REPROACH.



KITTLE POSEY lay on her little crib, and the bright rays of the afternoon sun fell on the snow-white drapery that covered her. It was earlier than Posey's usual bed time. But there she lay asleep, and her sleep was very still and sound. Her mother stole into the room, and knelt down by the little crib. She lifted the snowy covering which hid the sweet face of her child, and she scattered flowers upon the pillow, and placed a bunch of white rose-buds in the hands so white and cold.

The touch of her mother's hand did not waken Posey. The kiss that her mother imprinted upon her lips awoke no answering kiss; the tears that fell, one by one, on the golden hair, and the pure, white brow, called forth no sweet words of comfort; for little Posey's sleep was too deep for human love or human sorrow to break; and this the poor mother felt, as she gently covered over the marble, still child, and left the room. A little hand

sought hers as she went out—a little head bent down over it, and covered it with hot tears. “May I see Posey, once more, mamma,” asked a boy with a sorrowful voice. It was her (Posey’s) brother Harry; and when he stood beside the little crib where Posey was sleeping her last sleep, he sobbed as if his heart would break. His mother sought to comfort him, and told him of the happiness of his darling sister, who was now with God and the angels: but Harry could not be comforted with this. Then his mother tried to show him how selfish it was to mourn for the pure, young flowers, that were taken in the freshness of their spring time, to blossom in the Paradise of God—that we ought rather to rejoice for them. But the little boy was not comforted with this. Then his mother sought to awaken hope—the cheering hope of meeting his little sister again, where death should never separate them; and the thoughts which she uttered to cheer her little boy, although they failed to dry his tears or soothe his grief, brought comfort to her own breast. One by one, kind friends, those who loved Posey and her mother, came in; and as they looked on the little pale sleeper, so fair and still, lying among the flowers, with the light of the setting sun, like a halo of glory around her, they felt that they were in the presence of God and the angels. The room seemed filled with an unearthly brightness, and peace and joy sank into every heart. “It is well with the child,” who can doubt it. But the

sad moment came, and the beautiful clay was removed—the little crib was tenantless—the withered flowers remained on the pillow—the daylight had melted into darkness, and beside the deserted bed sat the mother weeping. Again the boy stole to her side and bent over her hand, and wet it with hot tears. She drew him close to her breast and she wept with him. Her own grief was so great, it seemed to her that she had no words of comfort for him.

"Oh, mother, mother!" he exclaimed; "I do not cry because Posey is dead, for I know she is with God and very happy: I do not cry because I am left without any play-fellow, though I shall miss her every hour; but my heart seems as if it would burst when I think of one thing—and nobody can comfort me, now."

"And what is it, my child?" inquired the mother, tenderly.

"I struck little Posey, in anger, mother; I struck her little rosy cheek so hard it made her cry, and only because she laughed and crowed when I was ill-natured and fretful. Oh, mother, if I could but hear her voice from Heaven, telling me she forgave me for it—if I could only tell her how sorry I am, how sorry I was, the minute after I had done it. But she was too young to know what I said and how I felt. I know she did not remember it long, for she put her little arms round my neck, while the tears were in her eyes; but all that only makes me more unhappy. Mother, what shall I do?"

"My darling boy hurt himself more than his cruel, thoughtless blow, hurt his little sister's rosy cheek. If she could speak to you, from Heaven, she would tell you she forgave you from her heart, and was only grieved at your grief. The sorrow and remorse you feel, is the punishment of your wrong doing, and it will teach you, I hope, my boy, to begin now and learn to govern your temper."

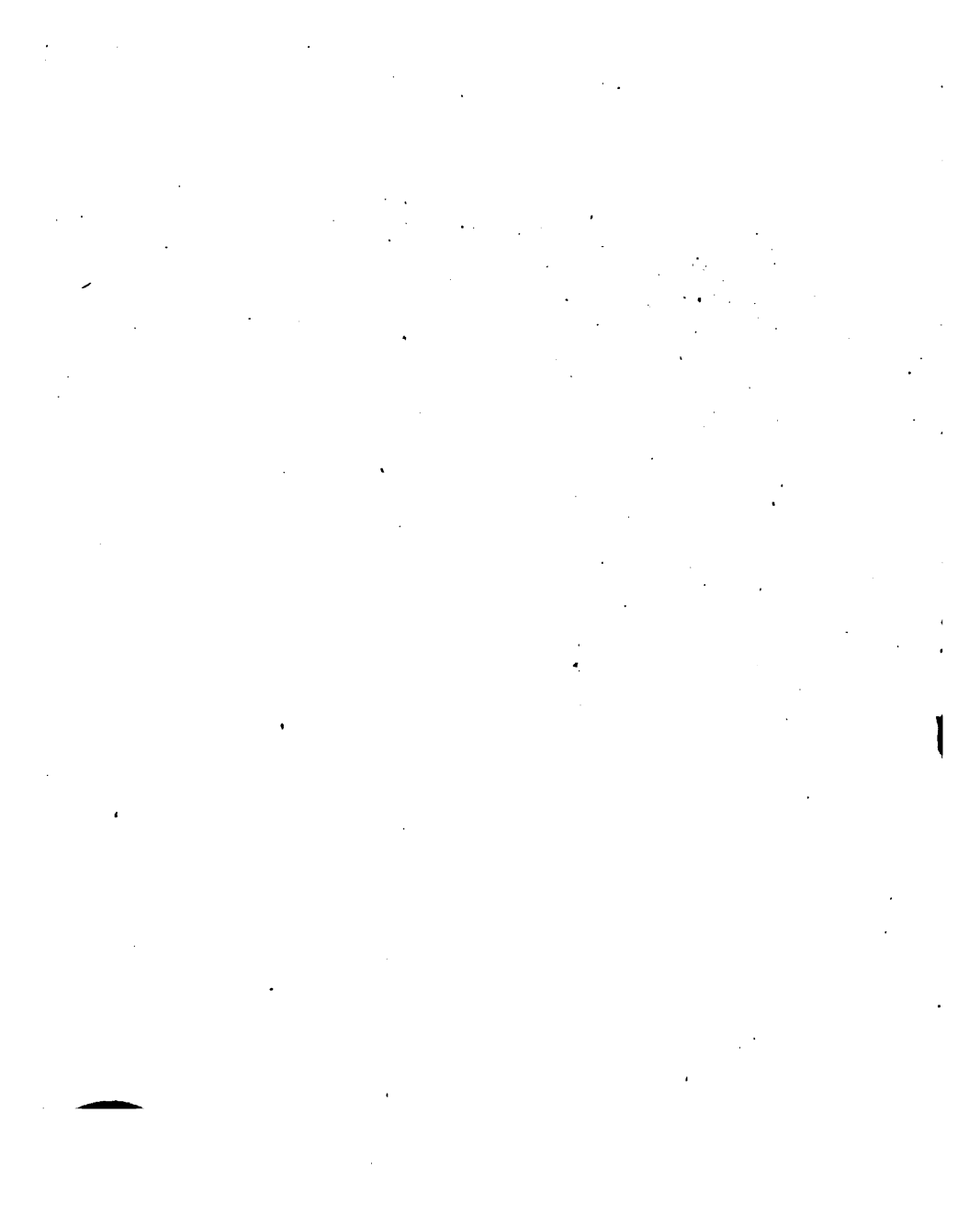
"Oh, mother, it will, it will. I am sure I shall never, never yield, to my bad temper, again; but, oh! to think, mother, that I can never confess my unkindness to Posey—never show her how sorry I am—never tell her how much I really love her—never, never: mother, if I live to be a man—an old man—what a grief it will always be to me."

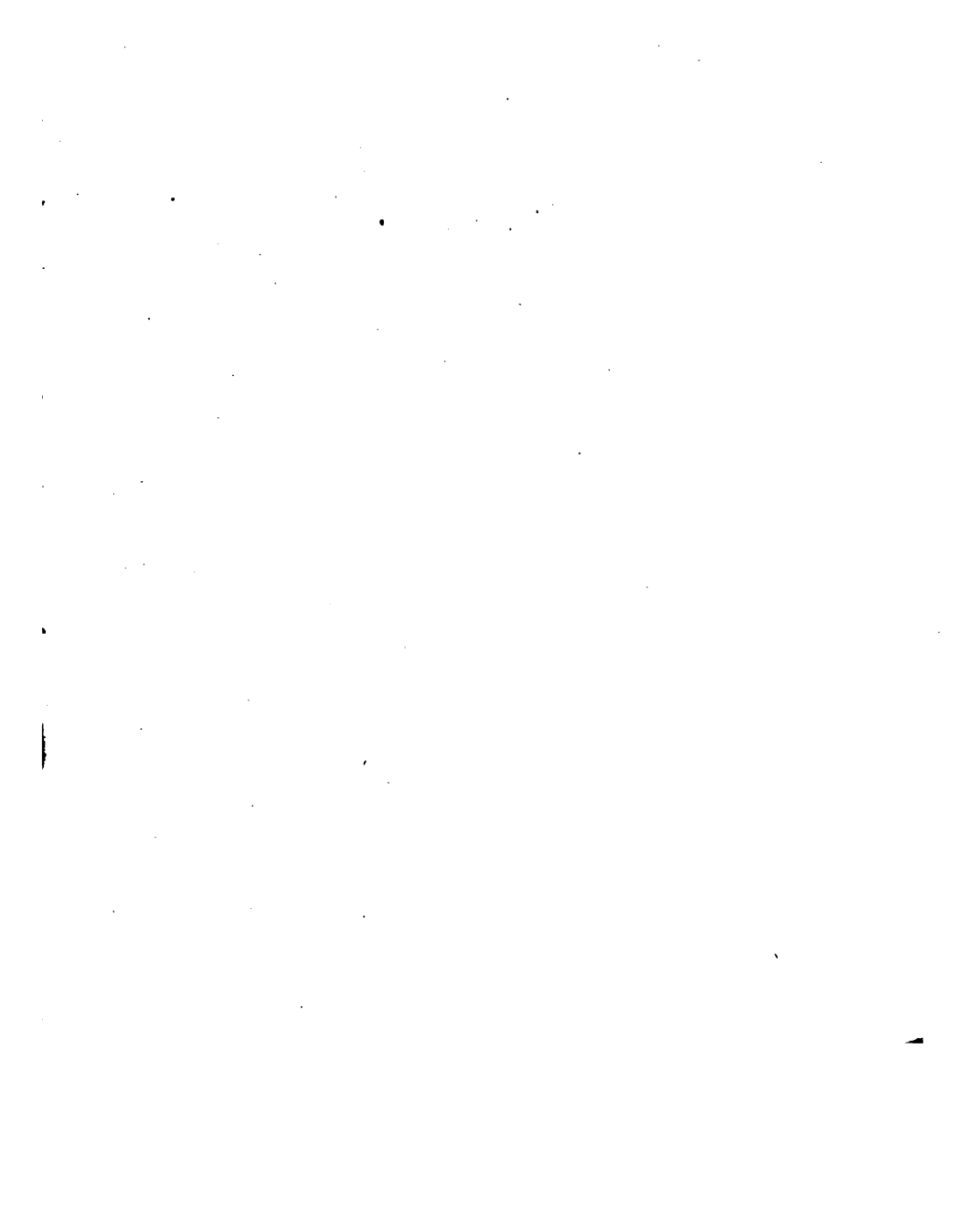
"Be comforted, my little boy," replied his mother, "but be wiser for the future. Be comforted in knowing that your angel-sister can feel nothing but love and forgiveness for you; be comforted in the promise that your heavenly Father has given, of his pardon to those who sincerely repent; and his help to those who sincerely strive to amend. But better comfort than any other you may find in constant, unwearied efforts to acquire self-control. Whenever you are angry with your play-fellows, discontented, or ill-natured with anything or anybody—whenever you are tempted to say an unkind word—or strike a hasty blow—or do a wrong action, let the recollection of this hour of

sorrow and repentance, help you to struggle with the evil, and embrace the good. So deal always with your friends and companions; so treat every human being, that when they are taken away from earth, they may carry with them, only precious memories of the good you have done them."

Day after day little Harry wandered alone over the old playground, through the deserted rooms, in the garden and through the wood, mourning for his little sister; yearning for the sight of her bonny face, and longing, oh, how he longed for one smile, one merry gleesome peal of laughter—such as he checked with the sudden, angry blow, which, as long as he lives, he will never forget. In his dreams, he says he sometimes sees little Posey, and she always smiles upon him, and he awakes happy and peaceful. He knows she has forgiven him, but he feels that he can never forgive himself, and only finds comfort in his earnest and persevering efforts to govern his hasty temper, that it need not lead him into evil and unkindness again.







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